DECEMBER

The Wisconsin MAGAZINE

"Know Your Own State"

25 CENTS

Amazing Growth of

"Wisconsin's Own Motor Car"

Outstanding among the impressive achievements in the industrial history of the great State of Wisconsin is the phenomenal development of The Nash Motors Company during the past seven years.

Today more than 2,400,000 square feet of floor space in the Nash six-cylinder factory at Kenosha, the Nash four-cylinder plant at Milwaukee, and the Seaman Body Co. plant, also located at Milwaukee, are occupied by the various departments.

More than 7,000 highly skilled workmen are carried on the payroll.

This inspiring picture of industrial enterprise is further strikingly emphasized by the unequaled rapidity with which The Nash Motors Company has advanced its standing in the industry during its comparatively short seven-year period of business.

And every indication points forcefully to a continuation of this remarkable progress. Sales figures reveal an eclipse of all former Nash records. The demand for Nash enclosed cars with their luxurious Milwaukee-built Seaman bodies is mounting daily to unprecedented proportions.

This tremendous response upon the part of the American public can be attributed solely to the exceptional value of Nash cars.

It is nothing short of a national tribute to the superlative quality of one of Wisconsin's greatest industrial products.

FOURS SIXES

NASH

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY
Kenosha, Wisconsin

Nash Leads the World in Motor Car Value

(2400)

The Wisconsin Magazine

December, 1923

HARDY STEEHOLM, *Editor*

Vol. I

CONTENTS

No. 9

RECKONING WITH THE BEAVER	THEO. H. SCHEFFER	3
NUREMBERG VILLAGE IN WISCONSIN	FRED L. HOLMES	7
TROUT LAKE GAME REFUGE		9
MADISON'S OLD CURIOSITY SHOP	FLORENCE M. SMITH	10
EDITORIALS		11
A DAY AMONG THE RATTLERS	WILLIAM J. ANDERSON	12
UNDER THE LAMPLIGHT	GEO. E. CROTHERS	14
WISCONSIN'S OWN TYPEWRITER		15
WISCONSIN—THE GEOLOGIST'S MECCA	JANET HULL	16
ABOUT JOLLY OLD SANTA	ALICE LUTES	19
WISCONSIN'S WHITE HOUSE	EDWARD N. HEIN	20
BOOK REVIEWS		25
THE DEVIL'S CHIMNEY	DONALD McGILL	28
MADE IN WISCONSIN	ELLINORE BECK	29
IN A RESTAURANT. A Poem	JULIA GRACE WALES	29
WISCONSIN'S NATURAL BRIDGES	W. C. ENGLISH	30
THE NAKOMA BUS. A Poem	JULIA GRACE WALES	30
"PROGRESSIVE" WISCONSIN	AUBREY WILLIAMS	31
LOST TRAILS. A Poem	FLOSSIE FAITH SHEAD	32
YOUR SONG. A Poem	O. H. BAUER	32
LAKE KOSHKONONG. A Poem	AMANDA LUSE CORNWALL	32

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE, INC., AT MADISON, WISCONSIN

Hardy Steeholm, Editor
B. B. Kneer, Assistant Editor
E. W. Chapleau, Business and Advertising Mgr.

ADVISORY EDITORS:

Dean H. L. Russell	Charles E. Whelan	Dr. Joseph Schafer	A. O. Barton
George P. Hambrecht	Ford H. Macgregor	Dr. Louise Phelps Kellogg	Hon. M. B. Rosenberry
Dean S. H. Goodnight	Chalmer B. Traver	Charles E. Brown	E. J. Kearney
Col. John G. Salsman	Dr. Cornelius A. Harper	Dr. S. A. Barrett	Jennie McMullen Turner
Wm. Ellery Leonard	C. B. Lester	Mrs. E. H. Van Ostrand	Fred M. Wilcox
Dean C. H. Mills	Edw. A. Fitzpatrick	Marshall Cousins	David Atwood
A. R. Hirst	M. S. Dudgeon	O. D. Brandenburg	John G. Gregory
W. J. Dougan	Mary Emogene Hazeltine	B. G. Packer	John S. Donald
W. E. Barber	Chief Justice A. J. Vinje	John G. D. Mack	Dudley Crafts Watson
F. A. Aust	Dean Louis E. Reber	E. E. Witte	Frank A. Cannon

EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 114 S. CARROLL ST., MADISON, WISCONSIN

25c a copy, one year $2.00, two years $3.60, three years $5.00, in the United States and Canada.

Foreign, $2.50 per Year.

All Rights Reserved.

Entered as second class mail at the Postoffice, Madison, Wisconsin.

Sound footing! When you put your best foot forward it ought to be silk shod. For not only is silk the accepted fabric of elegance throughout the world, but when it is made into hand-finished hosiery by Phoenix methods, it has a long-mileage endurance that makes it a downright *economy*. Luxurious hosiery-travel at small cost! Sturdy beauty that commands leadership everywhere! These are compelling reasons why you should find *sound footing* in Phoenix hosiery now.

PHOENIX

HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

PHOENIX

WDT

The Wisconsin Magazine

"Know Your Own State"

DECEMBER, 1923

Reckoning With the Beaver

By Theo. H. Scheffer

Assistant Biologist, Bureau of Biological Survey, U. S. Department of Agriculture

TO be admonished in a series of well-turned stanzas, "Lest We Forget" is more appealing than to be advised in prosaic language that perhaps we never knew. Which reasoning applies to a popular discussion of the traditions, rights, and privileges of the American beaver. In the near forgotten days when "The rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared" the beaver played a part more interesting than either and of vastly more importance than both. For, aside from nodding—which he didn't do—and digging, in which he was accomplished, this largest living rodent of the continent decided where many of the first settlements were to be established on the inhospitable shores of our Atlantic coast, located interior trading posts, and furnished a medium of exchange for barter among the colonists.

Going further back, to the period when the Mound-builder threw his stone hammer at the whangdoodle, we may note that there were certain animate forces at work in the future interests of American agriculture. The mole and the pocket gopher, to be specific, were tunneling the wildlands from prairie valley to mountain slope; mixing humus with the sands and clays, and bringing up the subsoil to lie fallow until it became fitted for plant food. Alack, that after having rendered all this service to mankind these little animals should be under the ban of our displeasure! But who wants them mussing around in the orderly effects of his landscape gardening or carrying off his certified potatoes to stock their root cellars?

To return to the beaver—that is another story. No other living animal except man himself has left such visible traces of its life and work on the landscape of our continent. In the northern United States and in Canada are countless thousands of little lakes that hold in their cool depths memories of the days when they were beaver ponds; when on moonlit nights their surfaces were cut by ripples of molten gold that followed in the wake of swimming forms, and the surrounding forests echoed with the whack of broad

CANAL CONSTRUCTED BY BEAVERS TO LEAD WATER INTO DAM AND TO FLOAT MATERIALS
Photo by T. H. Scheffer

tails as the swimmers dove in play or alarm. The older trees, mirrored in the lake's surface, may even remember the time when swift-flowing streams hurried by; singing their songs, yes, but wasting their waters at one season and refusing to run at all in another. Now the ponds and lakes breed in their weedy shallows the bass and pickerel that lure the fisherman for a time from the humdrum of artificial life. They serve also to feed and shelter the myriads of water-fowl that come there from the southlands to nest in security.

We have all seen these birds of passage on the return trip in autumn, sailing high in orderly formation under skies of hazy blue. Or perhaps you have heard their bewildered calls at night when they circled low in storm and fog.

However, the most important purpose served in the scheme of nature by the thousands of small lakes that were beaver ponds is not the sheltering of fish and fowl, but the conservation of our water supply. The big lakes, formed perchance by glacial obstruction, dominate the idea; but it is the numberless ponds in the streamlet's channel that carry out the plan. The sequence is plain, I am sure. First the tumbling stream, destructive, wasteful, hurrying its precious waters and loads of soil to the sea. Then the patient beaver, constructive, conservative, laboring to block the stream's progress for its own special ends. Finally, for a time at least, the pond, the lake that stores the water and doles it out at nature's calls. We will note here, too, that it is not the plunging cataract or the infrequent earthquakes that produce the most noticeable effects on topography and climate; but the multiplicity of smaller forces working in the aggregate.

The old timer in a region that was once forested believes that floods and droughts are more frequent and disastrous now than they were before he laid his axe to the trees. He is right, too, for scientific observation and records support his beliefs. The change has come about in a generation—and in another generation the more favorable conditions can be at least partially restored where the cut-over lands are not adapted to agricultural use. Left to themselves, or assisted and protected when need be by governmental agencies, extensive tracts of logged-off lands will reforest. To bring about this result we may well let nature have her way and utilize every helpful force that originally contributed to forest building. When the beaver seeks a place in the reforestation program, don't ask him whether he eats trees. He might incriminate himself through a misunderstanding of your motives. The stuff he eats will be of little value compared to the good he will accomplish.

The geologist, looking at changing topography through the big end of the telescope, tells us that even large lakes are but temporary features of a landscape. He can prove it, too, by pointing to old shore lines and silt basins. At that game he has nothing on the naturalist, who can dig way down beneath the crops growing on rich, beaver-dam lands and find, on well preserved stumps and sticks, the marks of tooth cuts unmistakable in their identity.

The beaver is something of a nomad, seeking always the best to be had in the way of food and shelter but sticking to his home as long as it provides these in a measure to satisfy. Like run-down farms, his habitations are abandoned from time to time and left to decay. Even so, the staunch dams long stem the former stream's current, compelling it to drop its loads of stolen soil. In time the pond becomes a swamp, choked with rank vegetation that from season to season adds its humus to the stream-borne silt. Beaver structures are buried beneath it all and life changes with the changing environment. Instead of leaping trout and diving loons, mallard and teal now come to nest in the rushes

BEAVER DAM, MIDDLE SERIES
Photo by T. H. Scheffer

and Red-winged blackbirds tilt on the cattails or swing low on the pussy willows. Something like that, anyhow!

Exeunt waterfowl and cattails and enter now soaring larks and a multitude of insects with strident wings and voracious appetites. Perhaps the shy red deer comes there to feed, and the bull moose, too, in his proper habitat, for the erstwhile swamp has become a meadow. Nature has established a new set of drainage channels that carry off the waters without making as much fuss about it as did the ancestral stream. Perhaps a pair of beavers will come along some day on their honey-moon, when willows and aspens have grown up along these water courses, and thus, like the pup chasing its tail, the cycle will be complete.

At this stage of topographical development, though, comes man, seeking a home in the wilderness. Lucky the pioneer that lights on a beaver-made meadow! For there he has pasturage for his stock, cleared lands for his plow, and soil that will produce many a crop without need of enriching—to say nothing of the "chills" that may lurk in some poorly drained corner of his homestead. It may be said without risk of controversy that clearing land of trees and stumps is the hardest task that awaits the first generation of settlers in a wooded country. Little wonder, then, that the early colonists when they landed on the "inhospitable" shores of our eastern coast straightway sought out the open meadows while the seeking was good. I hope I may digress here to say that those "inhospitable" shores have been much overworked. Their briny waters teemed with codfish and the rocky soil would at least grow beans; what more could a New Englander ask of Nature?

To go back, then, to our original statement that the beaver helped to determine the location of many of the earliest community settlements in our country, we may add that this is true not only of the East, but also of the North and the far West. Tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands of acres, in the aggregate, of broad grassy valleys and smaller forest-rimmed meadows have thus been prepared for the use of man by the patient, toiling beaver. I could risk the charge of deviating from the truth by placing the aggregate of these lands at millions of acres; but I hesitate to make the statement lest I encourage real estate dealers in the West to enlarge their conception of beaver-dam lands so as to include all the gravel banks within a crow's flight of the Great Lakes.

No other wild animal played so important a part in the settling up and development of our country as did the beaver. The plainsman may dispute this and insist that we award the medal to the buffalo. But the buffalo's career of usefulness was far too brief more than temporarily to interest the adventurer or to halt the trains of wandering home seekers. One generation of men only, in "the days of real sport", enjoyed the privilege of shooting buffaloes for their hides and tongues. The next comers gathered up the whitened bones from plain and mesa and shipped them East to be ground up for fertilizer.

But the beaver ranged over most parts of the continent where water ran; and he wasn't fool enough, either, to stand up and be shot en masse to make an Indian's holiday. One has only to delve into the historical lore of our more northern states, and of Canada, to realize that it was neither the lure of gold nor the bid to the husbandman, but the claims of the fur trade, that established and

A NEAT, CLEAN JOB. THE BEAVER IS QUITE A WOODSMAN
Photo by T. H. Scheffer

developed the first centers of industry from coast to coast. In this trade beaver pelts long were staple, constituting a standard for media of exchange. Men bought and sold with beaver skins; privateers on the high seas lay in wait for cargoes of the valuable pelts; missionaries to the Indians accepted them on the collection plate. Tribal wars intrigued by unscrupulous whites, black at heart, stained the beaver's scutcheon with the blood of simple savages. In the native marts of the day an average comely squaw, with bobbed hair, might be had for a single beaver robe; but the price of a princess, garbed in royal buckskin, literally staggered the suitor who sought to lay the legal tender at the old chief's feet. What a jug of fire-water would bring I have not been able to ascertain; for then, as now, this commodity was supposed to be taboo among the Indians and transactions were not recorded.

The history of the fur trade in America is full of the fire of adventure, the spur of rivalry, the thrill of romance, and the sting of hardship. It had its meed of gain and glory, too, in the building of fortunes such as that of the Astor family and in the holding of territory for the national domain. The flag followed the axe and the trap, and wherever the factor planted it the partisans of national aspiration rallied. Significant of the beaver's connection with it all is the fact that his couchant form rests upon the trade seal of the Hudson Bay Company, along with the emblem of the British empire.

In the palmiest days of the fur trade tens, hundreds of thousands of beaver pelts were annually raped from streams and lakes as one region after another was exploited for its wild life. It has been the history of any new country that the ready-made resources which nature has generously provided are first appropriated, before man begins to produce anything for himself. That is but natural, of course; for who would dig for bitter roots when ripened plums are waiting to fall into his mouth. But why should the shades of our forefathers not rise up and apologize to us for having devastated the fields after reaping the harvest? Robbing the nest is one thing; killing the goose that laid the golden eggs is quite another; especially when that goose belongs, not to you, but to your neighbor's grandchildren.

But resourceful Americanism has not lost sight of opportunity. That overworked goose left a gosling that may be bred up to lay other golden eggs. We still have a chance to make good in conserving and enriching valuable life; a better chance than our grandfathers had, perhaps, for our eyes are no longer blinded by the false glare of inexhaustible resources.

The beaver has shown itself to be quite adaptable—a biological gift favoring survival and recuperation of numbers. Since the animal has been given a measure of legal protection in a number of states, and in Provinces of Canada, the species is plainly "coming back" in many localities that had not heard the whack of a broad tail since the oldest inhabitant carried his traps to the attic, kissed them and left them there. These facts we gather from the reports of game wardens and from the observations of our rapidly increasing number of nature lovers, who rejoice to see the rehabilitation of streams and forests.

True, this return of the wanderer has been a bit embarrassing in some localities; for where the leaves of the aspen once quivered in the glancing sunlight, there perchance the prune tree now yields its purple fruit in season. Instead of woodland wastes are fields of growing grain, and mead-

(Continued on page 21)

Nuremberg Village in Wisconsin

By Fred L. Holmes

ELCHO, a little village of northern Wisconsin, is unique in its artistic design and architectural pattern. A year ago a fire swept the town, laying the cluttered business section in ashes. Over the ruins has risen a hamlet of distinct outline which arouses the interest of the visitor and the travel-worn railroad passenger speeding through the town. The new Elcho is an English Nuremberg village set into the wild scenery of northern Wisconsin.

ONE LONG BUSINESS BLOCK FACING THE STATION

Carved out of the virgin wilderness in 1882, Elcho has had a lumbering town history. The measured strokes of the axes from the forests and the hum of the buzz-saws ripping the pine logs into boards have been the music of the air for forty years. A conglomerate saw-mill town came into existence; gradually the log cabin gave way to the frame structure; the tote roads of the lumber camps have been superceded by a marked state trunk line highway.

Not far away is the Lac du Flambeau Indian reservation and a century ago the scene of the village was the site of its hunting lodges. To it they gave the name of "Elcho" meaning "Happy" in the Chippewa vernacular.

Charles W. Fish, lumberman, and master mind of Elcho, came to the village early in 1900. No one dreamed he had any artistic designs on the staid, commonplace little lumber camp town. He didn't then. He had been a hunter for gold in the Klondike, which he did not find; a sailor on the Great Lakes, and an iron worker. One day one of the owners of the J. D. Jones Lumber Company of Elcho, met Mr. Fish in Manitowoc, Wisconsin.

"What are you doing, young man?" asked Mr. Jones.

"I have the hardest work in the world," replied Charley Fish. "I am looking for a job."

On a salary of $30 a month, he went to Elcho to clerk in the general store, taking his family with him to live in a log house. This salary was increased $5 a month when he agreed to take care of the incoming freight. Then he borrowed $35 in "touches" of $5 each from seven friends and bought 160 acres of land from a discontented settler. He sold the land and the growing timber on it in a few years to the lumber company for $3,330. That well-turned venture started him on his career, which culminated shortly in his buying out the lumber company, and then four other mills in towns nearby. The Charles W. Fish Lumber Company is a myth so far as the company is concerned. It is all owned by Charles W. Fish and does a business of several millions of dollars a year. He is probably the largest single operator in the lumber business.

In the more than twenty years that Mr. Fish had lived in northern Wisconsin he had been dreaming of building an ideal village. The opportunity came in 1923, when the fire wiped out the business section of Elcho, one of his five sawmill towns. In its place he has reared a Nuremberg village, of English architectural vintage which is the admiration of those who travel the highways to the scenery of northern Wisconsin.

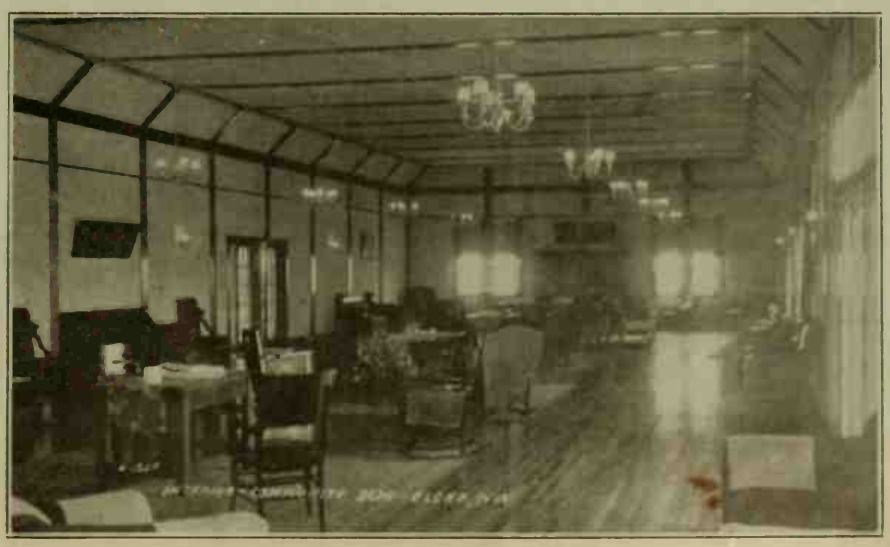
One long business block has been erected, facing the railroad track and separated by a well paved state trunk highway. This long business block houses the general store, the bank, barbershop, physicians' and dentists' offices, movie house and the "Muskie Inn," a modern hotel in appointments, with over fifty rooms all opening on a single court. A community house has been built for the use of the employees and many of the other buildings in the village, spared by the fire, have been remodeled to blend into the general scheme of architectural beauty.

On the corner, on the site of the former building, a department store, 60x130 feet, has been built. The aim was to furnish for Elcho and vicinity a modern store with a full line of all stock usually handled in such a store.

Realizing the need of a bank near a store of this kind, the quaintly built, but very up-to-date bank was placed next in the line.

A fine drug store, furnished with the latest in drug store fixtures, is a credit to the town.

The Olde Muskie Inn, which is modern



INTERIOR OF ELCHO COMMUNITY CLUB

A PRACTICAL DREAMER, CHARLES W. FISH, WHO HAS MADE ELCHO ONE OF THE SHOW-PLACES OF WISCONSIN

and one of the finest in this part of the country, has 55 bedrooms built around an open court, 60x32 feet, which gives light to the spacious dining room of the same size. The lobby of the hotel is beautifully finished in brown, with Dutch blue in carpet and drapes. Two stairways on opposite sides lead to the rooms. Excellent meals are prepared by a competent chef and tourists are given every consideration.

Next in the chain is a three-chair barber shop and bath, which would be a credit to a town twice the size of Elcho.

To insure harmony in architecture, the office of the Chas. W. Fish Lumber Company and the former hardware store have been newly sided and novelty roofing has been put on, which adds much to the appearance.

The depot is 18x70 feet and lies on the site of the old one. It is of stucco and wood and is a very attractive depot, including comfortable and pleasant working quarters. It contains an office in the center with men's and women's waiting rooms on either side and a 300 foot cement platform.

The old boarding house was moved to a position on a back street to make way for the new Fish Company club house, one of the three most attractive places of its kind in the state. This building has a width of 100 feet, with depth to the alley of 130 feet.

The lounge is 100 feet long, with large fireplaces at both ends, and is lighted with twelve clusters of candles. There are five carpeted centers in all, each with its center table and great chairs, including the end centers facing the two fireplaces. The south end of the lounge contains a piano. Off the lounge are two sets of doors, one leading to the north front hall and the other to the south hall, or ladies' parlor. Here are convenient davenports, piano, chairs, dressing table, and wash room. On entering the north room from the parlor we find pool and billiard tables, and a soft drink parlor with its accompanying tables. To the west and running north and south are the long smoking room and three regulation bowling alleys. The basement contains the power plant, water plant, and shower baths for men and women. The building is the completion of a desire of Mr. Fish for a better community feeling and he has made definite his idea that the building is not an exclusive club, but one in which all members are welcome to enjoy the comforts provided and the measures available.

"Some day I am going to build a community that my children and grandchildren will be proud of."

In this little town, with its 150 comfortable, well lighted, and convenient houses, the complete realization of the high ideal is reached.

RAILROAD STATION AT ELCHO

Trout Lake Game Refuge

A Real Achievement in Conservation

SO PLENTIFUL have the deer become within the confines of the state game farm near Trout Lake that the state conservation commission at Madison is considering the advisability of releasing some of the deer in order to preserve the pasture for the elk domiciled within the same reserve area. There are now thirty-two elk in the reserve and it is estimated that there are over 300 deer.

Over 700 acres of land are within this state game refuge. The idea of the game farm for elk was an old one, but reports about 1914 of many elk starving in the Jackson Hole Country of Wyoming intensified the feeling. An offer was made to the government to give the elk free to any state. The Wisconsin game department under John A. Sholts, made arrangements for the first shipment to northern Wisconsin. The cost of transportation was borne by the Elk lodges of the state and the wire for the first 350 acre enclosure was donated by the American Steel and Wire Company.

The fence was put up in the late fall and early winter, and was supervised personally by J. A. Sholts and Conrad Asmuth of Milwaukee. The first consignment of elk arrived the following spring of 1914 and were under the personal supervision of Captain Eaton, a plainsman who came as the government representative. He stayed several days with the herd of 38 animals. They had been shipped in open cattle cars, had been in a wreck near La Crosse in which two of them were killed, and on their arrival at Trout Lake they were in very bad shape, principally due to exposure, and many of them were sick. The State Veterinarian assigned Dr. O'Reilly of Merrill to care for them, but they were too far gone and although everything was done for them, they died one by one until the latter part of the summer it was found that only two cows remained. They lived in the enclosure during that winter and the following summer, and in the fall through the generosity of the Jerome Hunting and Fishing Club of Trout Lake, a bull elk was obtained. He was young and a great help to the herd.

The following spring another shipment of elk came from Jackson Hole. This shipment was handled entirely by the Conservation Commission. After their long journey, the animals were not in the best shape and out of the 37 received, approximately half of them survived the first year. In the second year, the herd consisted of 19 cows, 2 bulls, and 2 calves. This was the lowest ebb that the herd

ONE OF THE INHABITANTS

struck and since that time they have gradually increased in number and vitality until last fall there were about 32 animals, with 6 calves born in 1922, included.

It should be borne in mind that Wisconsin was a natural range for elk. Roosevelt in his book, "The Winning of the West" tells of the elk herds of the country north of the Ohio and elk meat was one of the staples at the time. The early explorers of this region of Wisconsin also tell of deer and elk.

THIS PORCUPINE IS SAFE, BUT HE'S TAKING NO CHANCES

They were completely exterminated, however, over this great range, and one of the compelling reasons was to restore them, in some numbers at least, over their ancient range.

The states of Minnesota and Michigan and others in the upper Mississippi basin also received a number of them, and these herds are making wonderful progress. It is questionable, however, whether they will ever be able to shift for themselves. In all the states where elk have been shipped from the west, it has been found necessary to feed them during the winter. As the old animals are replaced by the native born, the latter are brought up on hay during the winter months and are schooled in having their food thrown to them. Therefore it is questionable whether they can readjust themselves to finding their own food in the cold winters of northern Wisconsin.

The deer on the game farm have done fairly well. When the first enclosure was finished, the rangers made a long drive across the country and approximately 18 deer were driven into the enclosure. These were supplemented by the addition of about 30 fawns which were captured by the game wardens in different parts of the state. It is estimated that between 150 and 300 deer are now in the enclosure.

The first enclosure consisted of about 350 acres, through which a fine creek flows. The area is located between Big Trout Lake and Allequash Lake in Town 41, N. Range 7 E., Vilas County. In 1920 an additional 350 acres was added to the refuge, including some spruce and tamarack swamps, and the range is well suited both for winter and summer feeding for the elk and deer.

The deer have remained completely wild and it is impossible to catch more than a fleeting glimpse of them. On several occasions the Conservation Commission has ordered a buck or doe caught in making a drive to catch the animals. As many as 60 deer have been seen in a limited area of the park.

Beautiful America, by Vernon Quinn (Stokes). "There are many people in whom patriotism for America is strong, yet who know little about the beautiful and wonderful country America really is." Mr. Quinn has succeeded in giving such glimpses of our beautiful country as will both impart accurate information to the tourist and satisfying enjoyment to the stay-at-homes. The book is definitely descriptive, but lovers of the out-of-doors, who can appreciate beauty even in description, will read it with joy.

Madison's Old Curiosity Shop

By Florence M. Smith

MADISON has an old curiosity shop which rivals the one of Dickens' famous novel. Just off the capitol square, on the left-hand side of King Street, is an unpretentious three-story building, its outer sandstone walls scarred and weather-beaten, its windows deepset, and its wooden cornices unpainted. Above the footworn pavement hangs an awning bearing the modest sign "ANDREW A. MAYERS".

Within the dimly lighted store, the only vacant space is a narrow passageway, showing the worn softwood floor which leads to a rear entrance. Rows and rows of old bottles of medicine stand sedately upon the shelves as if placed there by some old apothecary. Patent medicines, packages of herbs and roots—all have their places among the rows of interesting commodities.

Old remedies crowd for room among new cures. Rock candy, guns, pills, nails, binders' twine, fish food, ammunition, birdseed, fishing tackle, and sponges vie with each other for prominence. Beautiful Haviland china dishes can be seen peeping out from under their coatings of dust. Willow dinner sets still claim place among the costly dishes kept in open stock. Rare pieces of pottery and beautiful cut glass are blended in curious array. An ugly sign that "Kerosene and Dynamite are Both Sold Here" jars one's equilibrium.

One modern invention has found its way into the establishment. A cash register is noticeable as practically the only piece of up-to-date equipment in this delightfully old-fashioned store.

Mayers' store through more than half a century has been a community center for the pioneer citizens. The people from the neighboring countryside make use of the shop as a meeting-place as well as a good all-around store where they can purchase almost anything except extra parts for Fords.

Mr. Mayers is the last of the old-fashioned apothecaries common to the Mississippi Valley until half a century ago. He does not advertise. He does not decorate his windows with pictures of beautiful girls or theater show cards. As in the past three decades, Mr. Mayers is known as a concocter of medicines to remedy all ills. His cures have been valuable to many forms of life—from canary to man. His shelves hold a complete line of drugs including many old ones not kept by the very modern drugstores. Here can be found everything from licorice to sarsaparilla.

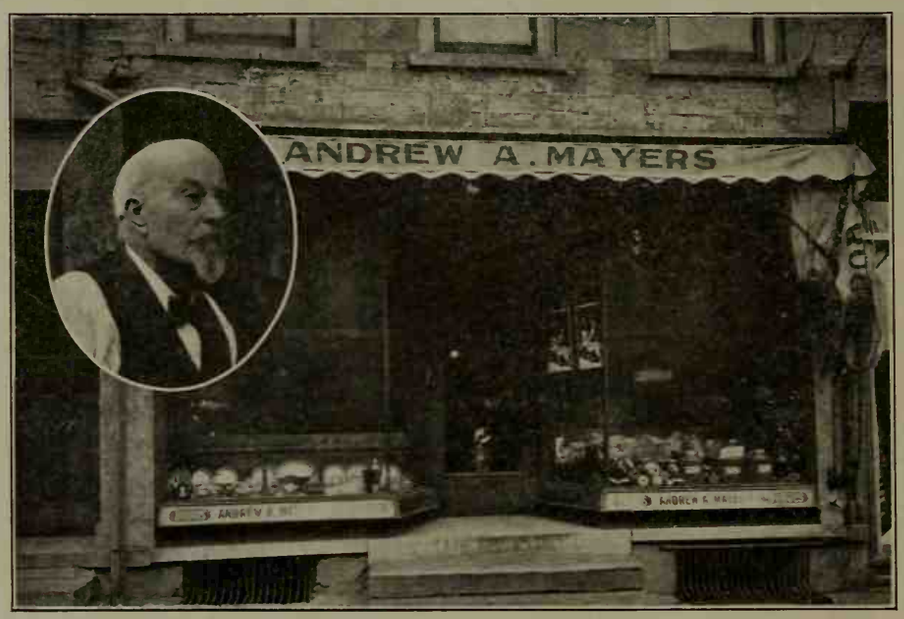
In March, 1864, when most of the business centered around the square, Mr. Mayers became a clerk in this shop. At that time Madison had a population of 9,000. There were no street cars in the city. The roads were of dirt, unpaved and unsurfaced. The Chicago, St. Paul was the only railroad through Madison, the Northwestern line coming in during the year of 1864.

"Instead of the seventeen churches we now boast, there were only six," declared Mr. Mayers in an interview. He smiled as he admitted that he wasn't very keen about going to church in those days but could still remember the edifices. There were two voluntary fire companies, one bank, one hotel, four schools, and no theaters. The streets were illuminated with gas lights.

As the city grew, many new buildings were erected, telephones installed, water works opened, and in 1884 street cars drawn by mules were popular. It was not until 1892 that electric street cars made their appearance in Madison.

A curious smile spread over Mr. Mayers' face as he recalled the old days. "Before the Civil War, there were eight barrels lined up in front of the long wooden counter. They contained various kinds of sugar, dried apples, prunes, currants, and tobacco," he said. "After the war, we were not allowed to have tobacco in barrels. It was all done up in packages—twenty-four cents a pound. We had to pay a tax of two cents on every check too," he added.

For almost sixty years, while Madison has grown from a small city to a thriving metropolis of over 45,000 people, with innumerable changes, Andrew Mayers has continued in the same shop, which remains almost as it was at that time, and has climbed the ladder from the position of clerk to proprietor. People still go to the little old-fashioned store and find real pleasure in sauntering through this survivor of bygone years. "They like to come here because nothing has changed — it's all just the same," said Mr. Mayers. "Service and good-will are better trade-getters than printer's ink."



THE OLD APOTHECARY SHOP AND ITS PROPRIETOR

TO THE BOYS OF AMERICA

Of course what we have a right to expect from the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now, the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of a man of whom America can really be proud. In life as in a football game the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Editorials

"A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS"

No, we don't mean that. Thoughts that retail at a penny apiece are worth just a penny and no more. Sometimes they are worth less. However, thoughts may be given away sometimes by generous people who really have ideas. In fact they may be worth so much that those who can make best use of them can't afford to buy them. We confess that we are in that position. We want ideas and suggestions, but the ideas and suggestions we want are beyond our pocket-book. For instance, we want you, dear reader, to tell us what you would like to see in the magazine. If there is anything in your town that ought to be called to the attention of the rest of the state, write us a note and tell us about it—we'll get the story. Of course, if you can write it yourself, so much the better. We have had people from many places in Wisconsin tell us that they would like to see something about their town appear in the magazine; but they don't tell what that something is. Not only matters regarding your town, but matters pertaining to Wisconsin in general, interest us. If you have ideas, send them to us.

AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION.

Most far-reaching in its effects, and most typical of America, and yet an institution that gets less publicity and attracts less attention than any other activity of similar scope, is the American library. Is it because librarians lack the "news-sense" and so fail to keep before the public with their wares, or is it because the press has failed to realize the tremendous news-value that lies in the library? New books, new ideas, human interest stories of what people read and why they read; reviews of books that bear on interests familiar to the community, etc., etc. The library can keep a resourceful reporter as busy as if he were assigned to a criminal court room.

Are you making use of your public library these cold winter nights? If there is no library in your town, what are you doing to get one started? Have you ever considered this as one of your duties? If there is a library, do you ever present it with books and periodicals? Or do you just leave it to the other fellow to see that these important matters are looked after?

WHAT OF OUR SHADE TREES?

Measures must be taken and soon to protect the trees along our highways and to plant new ones. It is especially true of southern Wisconsin that one can travel along its highways for miles without having a foot of shade thrown across the way. Nothing is more soothing and pleasant than to drive along a highway with tall shade trees on each side; nothing is more monotonous than to drive along a concrete highway, as for instance highway 19 from Milwaukee to Madison, with hardly a foot of shade all the way. But, it is just as much for reasons of beauty as of comfort that we must secure the shade-trees along our highways. One can hardly blame the farmer who cuts down the trees close to his fence so as to make full use of his land; and yet it is a sight that cuts one right to the heart to see beautiful, great, big elms lie massacred by the wayside, trees which for years have been a delight and a comfort to the traveller. Moreover, our trees are subject to the careless destruction of every wire-stretcher whose path they in the least obstruct. The time is ripe and more than ripe when we must take active measures for the protection and the replanting of our highway shade-trees.

WATCH FOR THE JANUARY NUMBER

In the next number, which will reach you the latter part of January, we have paid particular attention to a story on the Wisconsin Products Exposition, which took place during the first week in December. This mammoth exhibition of what Wisconsin produces on farm and in factory attracted twice as many people this year as it did last year when it was staged for the first time. The show was even more extensive, and certainly more beautiful. Some of the pictures which we shall run with our story on the Exposition will show, at least in part, how attractively the booths were arranged.

HAIL, FISHERMEN!

The Book of the Pike, by O. W. Smith (Stewart Kidd Company, Cincinnati). Mr. O. W. Smith is of interest to us for several reasons. He is a Wisconsin man, a resident of Evansville; angling editor of "Outdoor Life"; veteran writer on the science and art of fishing; and last, but not least,—he is the author of what is no doubt one of the most authoritative book on the pike, that great old warrior among fishes. Now is the time, all you fishermen, to live over again those days of real sport, and to prepare, with the council of this wise fisherman-writer, for next season's sport. Nothing missing in "The Book of The Pike". It's all there, from the history of the animal to the best way to cook it and eat it, and in between how to catch it, as well as many an anecdote of fishing adventure. Moreover, when you have read this book, you will never again mistake a pickerel for a pike or a pike for a muskellunge. Get the book and read it!

WINNESHIEK BOTTOMS SAVED.

The Ordinance of 1787 has saved the Winneshiek Bottoms on the Mississippi River for the sportsmen of America. According to Chief Justice Vinje of our Supreme Court. "It does not lie within the power of the railroad commission or of this court or of the state to change navigable waters into agricultural fields, no matter how great the public benefits might be in favor of the latter.

"We thus have a case where upon undisputed evidence large areas of navigable waters would be destroyed, an interstate ferry line prevented from running, and miles of sloughs rendered useless for navigation if the proposed work is carried out. Under such circumstances there is no support whatever in the evidence for the finding of the railroad commission, and it must be and is set aside."

We cannot help but feel that there is a note of triumph in that "must be and is", for our Chief Justice is himself a sportsman, though we know that there is no prejudice in the decision—only a literal interpretation of the law. Selah!

Thus has another great battle been fought and won for conservation and the outdoor life of America. It is a difficult lesson for each generation to learn that it is not the owner in fee simple of all land and natural resources but simply a custodian of these things for future generations.

Land is still too plentiful in this country for us to sacrifice our beauty spots and game preserves in order to raise a few more beans and onions.

THIS MONTH'S MOTTO

'Tis not in mortals to command
Success; but we'll do more,
Sempronius, we'll deserve it.
—*William Shakespeare.*

A Day Among the Rattlers

By William J. Anderson

ELMER KEITEL, KING OF RATTLESNAKE CATCHERS, CALLS IT RECREATION. WHAT'S YOURS?

NEITHER in anticipation nor in retrospect is a hunt for rattlesnakes calculated to give one pleasurable sensations; yet in the actual chase, as the writer will testify, with the quarry dodging among the tumbled rocks of a steep incline, and the hunter scrupulously avoiding coming to close quarters with it there are some thrills to be had which one is not likely to experience elsewhere.

Winfield W. Gilman, former assistant attorney general of Wisconsin, spent many of his summer vacations when a boy snaring rattlesnakes on the bluffs along the Wisconsin. His graphic and highly entertaining descriptions of these hunts led the writer to accept promptly an invitation which came through him from Elmer Keitel, the king rattlesnake catcher of the Baraboo basin, to spend a day in the bluffs capturing the "banded beauties" as Gilman mildly calls the wicked looking banded rock rattlers which infest those bluffs. Keitel is an alert, attractive young farmer of about 35, who has found his recreation for 25 years in catching and studying rattlesnakes. He has shipped rattlesnakes to Australia and New Zealand, not, he hastens to explain, for breeding purposes, but for naturalists and museums. He is doubtless the best informed man in Wisconsin upon the habits and habitat of *cretulas horridus*.

Your genuine rattlesnake hunter, it is to be understood, does not kill the reptiles. He takes 'em alive in the vigor of a full maturity. Then as he has call for the live snake, or for its brilliantly marked skin or for its rattles, he supplies the market. Keitel sold six, very much alive rattlers, to the biological department of the University of Wisconsin this season. He hunts rattlesnakes with the same zeal and enthusiasm that some other man might manifest at the opening of the duck season, or another over a wild-flower quest.

Speaking of wild-flowers recalls the fact that the Baraboo Bluffs have a flora of great variety and beauty. One can find here flowers and plants not known elsewhere in the state. We found while clambering over the rocks several specimens of the Purple Virgin's Bower, with beautiful purple flowers of a bell shape, which when spread open measured fully two inches across. This variety of clematis is considered rare in all the northern states. But this is an unwarranted digression, and, with some reluctance we return to our mutton.

In the rattlesnake invitation party beside Mr. Gilman and the writer were Dr. M. E. Diemer, official photographer for the University of Wisconsin and the Forest Products Laboratory, and his two assistants, Mr. Herrington and Mr. Coffman. The party was met by Keitel at the ferry which conveys passengers and vehicles across the half mile stretch of the Wisconsin River to the foot of the bluffs on which is perched the village of Merrimac. Keitel had brought along in a receptacle about the size and shape of a suitcase, having one side of heavy wire screening, two big rattlers that he had "picked up" on the bluff near his home the day before—sort of nest eggs so to speak. A look at these, with their countersunk eye pits, their swaying heads, and their rattles working overtime hardly gave one the ambition that a brace of canvass backs or partridges would inspire. When one of the hunters, whose rattlesnake experience had been limited to the rather small prairie rattler, was invited to share the automobile with these two "pick-ups" and with the screened front of the precious suitcase close against his shins, he had a feeling that the day had suddenly grown cool, and a goose-pimpley sensation spread over him.

But the day was one of those which make a man glad he is alive. A cloudless sky, a gentle south wind, and the air full of the fragrance of wild plum and hawthorn blossoms and tender leaves, the red-wing and the meadow lark giving cheer, and violets and rue anemone lending color to the roadsides. It was worth while being out even on a rattlesnake mission. The excellent metal road winding through the valley with the windings of the river afforded a splendid view of the timbered slopes of the bluffs across the valley. There is an unbroken stretch of timber that extends for miles north and south. It is this large area of timber that gives shelter to the wild deer which are multiplying rapidly in Sauk county. There is no open season for deer here, so their increase is not broken in upon. Thus it comes about that within 40 miles of Madison, and almost within sight of the stately dome of the capitol there are scores of wild deer and thousands—yes, literally thousands—of rattlesnakes. The rock formation of the broken ring of high bluffs that shut in the Baraboo basin, offers perfect shelter for snakes. Away from such rock bluffs with their innumerable caves, the rattlesnake is virtually extinct in Wisconsin. The Baraboo bluffs, and those along the Mississippi and Wisconsin rivers are veritable rattlesnake preserves. But

even with the protection of the rocks rattlesnakes are diminishing in numbers. Keitel pointed out to us several bluffs where ten or fifteen years ago he could pick up ten or twenty snakes in an hour, where now he has to search laboriously to get two or three.

It was to the southeast face of a 500-foot bluff on the Baraboo-Portage road that Keitel guided us. Leaving our auto in a plowed field at the foot of the bluff, we passed through a fringe of hazel brush, and then began the ascent. At this season of the year, our rattlesnake king explained, the rock rattler remains near to his winter quarters, coming out only to bask on the rocks, in the warm sunshine, and here, he said, was where we must look for them. This sounded all right; after a manner of speaking it was precisely the information we were seeking, yet some of us—one surely—felt that he would not have interposed any objections if Keitel instead had said, "you may look for them there"—say a mile or a month away.

But the hunt was on, and our purpose was to find rattlesnakes. As we were getting near the top of the bluff without having seen a snake it looked as if we had hit upon a poor day, but suddenly Keitel who was a hundred feet away raised his hand to indicate that he had flushed one. Waiting until we all could get sight of the big male rattler that had slipped from the rock and was hurrying to refuge, Keitel reached down in the crevice between several rocks with a pair of tongs about four feet long, made of half-inch steel rods, picked the snake up with ease, and held it before us—a hideous, squirming, biting creature. The tongs used are Keitel's invention. By crossing the handles the tongs lock so that they can be laid down, holding one snake captive while another is being picked up with the additional tongs without loss of time.

As soon as the first snake had been captured Dr. Diemer brought his movie camera into play, and it and the ordinary camera reproduced each step of the hunt thereafter.

The third big snake captured—the word "big" is used advisedly, for these rock rattlers are easily three or four times the circumference of an ordinary garter snake—was captured by W. W. Gilman. His tongs caught the snake about 15 inches from the tail. This snake was about four feet long, and he was able to turn and strike at the half-inch steel rods of the tongs. Angered and sorely pinched by the tongs he struck viciously a dozen times. As his jaws closed on the steel the long fangs showed plainly and soon

A SLEEPING BEAUTY

the poison began to drip from the rod, seemingly a clear colorless liquid. Later when it dried it was a white film on the surface of the steel. A more hideous picture than the snake as he drew back with open mouth to strike can hardly be imagined. It was a sight to dream about.

While the snake catching proceeded, Mr. Diemer with his assistants shifted the movie camera from point to point securing what are probably the most realistic pictures of rattlesnakes in action in their native haunts that have ever been produced.

After the bunch of rattlesnakes had been captured, and as the movie camera clicked, five big fellows were turned loose upon a bit of greensward close to the rocks. Then as the hunters with sticks kept them within focus, the snakes striking whenever a motion toward them was made, the camera caught them in lively effort to fight their way back to the rocks.

The bright sunshine, the fragrance of tree and plant, the beauty of the valley and the sloping hills combined to make the day a memorable one for all who participated in the hunt. Yet it is probably safe to say that with the exception of Keitel who is inured to the work of snake catching, each of the participants feel as did the proud young father after his first-born arrived—he wouldn't part with it for a million dollars but wouldn't give ten cents for a second one.

The "Tail" of the Hoopsnake

Even at the risk of awakening some doubts concerning my truthful story of the rattlesnake hunt, I am constrained to give the "tail" of the hoopsnake as told by a ferryman.

When he learned we were starting on a snaking expedition he became mellowly and mendaciously reminiscent.

"Ever see a hoopsnake?" he asked There being no such snake, and no creative genius in our group, we had to say shame-facedly that we hadn't.

"Them's the boys to look out for! Why, say! if one of 'em jest teches your pants you're a goner.

"Say, I came jest that fur frum bein' hit by one."—indicating a space of four inches. "A feller hollered, and I side stepped and that snake went by me jest a whoopin. He struck a big black oak at the bottom of the hill, and druv his tail so fur into it he couldn't pull it out, and it killed him."

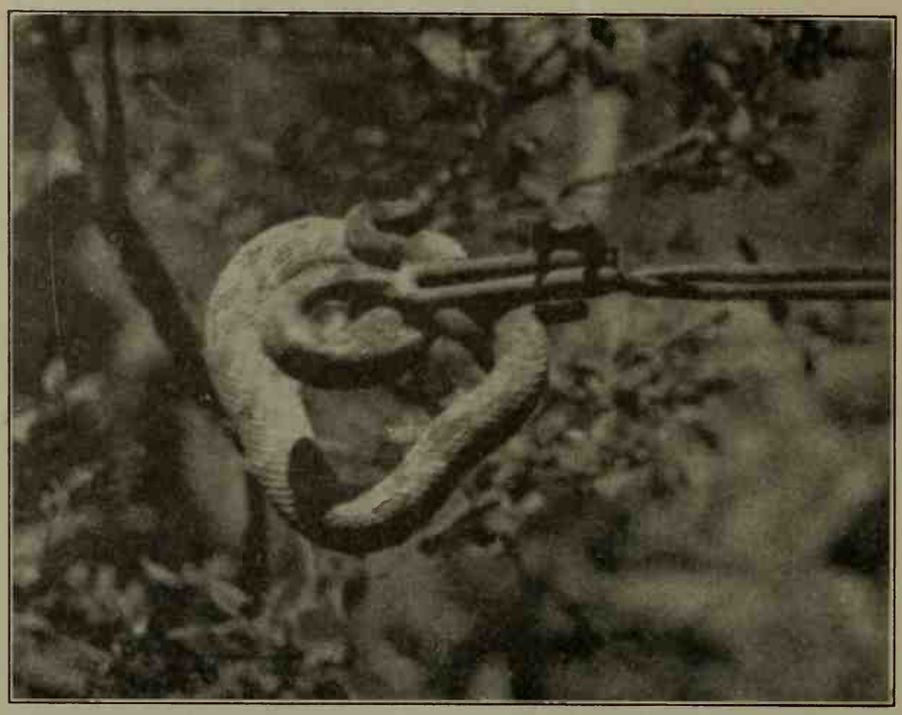
"Say," he resumed, "d'ye think that tree lived? No sir; in three days the leaves withered and dropped and the tree jest nachelly dried up.

"And would you believe it," he continued, with a touch of scorn in his voice, "they's people living right on this river thet say they aint no sech thing as a hoopsnake! Why, say! a friend of mine used to live at my house—dug the ivory pint of that snake's tail out of the tree with his jacknife and they's a doctor in Portage that hes that ivory pint in his office ret now!"

The stern of the ferry scow slid up the inclined landing, and we moved softly away as befitted the occasion, leaving the ferryman to his memories.

Some Ophidian Notes

The impression generally prevails, even among those who are somewhat



"PICKED UP THE SNAKE WITH EASE, AND HELD IT BEFORE US—A HIDEOUS, SQUIRMING, BITING, CREATURE"

familiar with its habits, that the rattlesnake does not climb trees. Keitel found one in an oak sapling which had no branch within eight feet of the ground. He heard some robins making an outcry in the tree, and looking for the cause of the disturbance found a rattler coiled on a limb close to the hole, and on the same limb was a robin's nest containing three eggs.

His father found a rattler in a medium sized red cedar tree. There, also, the snake was coiled on the limb close to the hole, and a bird's nest containing several young birds was within a few feet of him.

Another interesting statement made by Keitel is that rattlesnakes eat but once a year, and that is immediately after they shed their skins.

An interesting fact in connection with the presence of large numbers of rattlesnakes in the bluffs is that so few people living there ever see one. The daughter of the farmer who owned the bluff on which we hunted was born and raised there, not over two-thousand feet from where there are scores of rattlers. She is married and has several children, yet never saw a live rattlesnake until for her delectation Keitel dumped several lively ones on the grass near her home. Mr. O. D. Brandenburg of Madison was born and raised in the Baraboo valley, and he tells me that though he roamed freely over the bluffs in his boyhood days he had yet to see his first live rattlesnake.

At his home at the foot of a bluff near Merrimac, Keitel had a bunch of twenty-one rattlesnakes which he had gathered during two or three weeks. They were in a box that resembled a chicken brooder. The snakes were wound together in a bunch about the size of a half-bushel measure. As we approached twenty-one hideous heads emerged from the bunch and began to sway gently while twenty-one tails got into action. Watching those swaying heads, amid the insistent rustle of the tails one could realize what gave rise to fiction of the rattlesnake's power to charm its victim. The effect on one was almost hypnotic.

The rattlesnake, unlike the other snakes common to Wisconsin, is viviparous, that is it produces its young alive as do the mammals. The common garter snake, the spotted milk snake and the different water snakes come from eggs.

UNDER THE LAMP-LIGHT

THERE seems to be a primitive instinct in people of the white race, which makes them natural pioneers—at least this is true of all who have preserved their youth and vitality. When persons grow old they like to huddle in the cities and villages and cower beneath the protection of the police and surround themselves with the barricades of civilized life. But until a people has prematurely become bald and lost its teeth, tonsils, and appendix, and taken on the other ear marks of decadence, it likes the pioneer life.

Even after some of them have apparently become thoroughly acclimated to a city flat or small apartment securely sealed about with brick and mortar, they will show temporary signs of a revival of the old primal instinct which characterized the childhood and youth of humanity, and at such times they will sally forth and eat a picnic dinner in a park or along the margin of a lake or stream, or even brave the wilderness and camp for a time.

It is a good sign to see people do that; it shows that the old pioneer spirit has still a spark of life within them that the conventionalities of the city have not entirely quenched. I like to trace the workings of this spirit in my fellow men and women and even in my own experience.

For instance, I have noticed that nothing gives me keener delight than burning brush piles or otherwise clearing up a bit of new or waste land, and I believe this is almost a universal experience. Children like to have a bonfire, even if they have to burn valuable property to get it. I think it is the old inborn pioneer instinct cropping out in them, which has followed humanity since the day that Adam had to shoulder his ax and grub hoe and get outside of the garden gate and make a new clearing where thorns and brambles encumbered the earth. And as for me, I feel quite certain that his sentence of banishment was not so bad as it might have been; in fact, like most of our supposed calamities in life, it carried with it the richest and sweetest of compensations; for he became the original pioneer, and I doubt not that at nightfall, as he stood in the doorway of his log cabin which he had built with his own hands, and saw the gleam of the fires and the blue spirals of smoke curl up from his clearing, he felt himself a braver, finer man than when he trimmed and pruned his ready-made orchard and vineyard.

Now, I just think this is true; it may not be; but of all the hundreds of pioneers I have known in Clark County, I do not recall one who was not proud to recount the days he spent in making his new farm and home, and as far as I remember, I can not think of a single soul who ever boasted of the fine things he inherited from his forefathers or of a beautiful home he got for nothing.

At any rate, if the pioneer spirit did not come down through the ages from the primitive man, it has been with us since the dawn of history, and it will remain with us, let us hope, in spite of any shackles that modern life may put upon us.—Editor Crothers in The Neillsville Press.

Wisconsin's Own Typewriter

The History of a Typical Wisconsin Manufacturing Organization

DEMOUNTABLE! Interchangeable! How meaningless have been these terms in the typewriter field. But now they have come into their own. After ten years of dreaming and planning, designing and redesigning, improving and refining, the impossible has been accomplished. The perfected Demountable Typewriter is now being produced in volume.

Today, the eyes of the office appliance world are focused on the Demountable Typewriter—a machine which to all outward appearances is just another high-grade standard typewriter. However, the Demountable is different. Investigation quickly reveals design and construction features that are destined to set new standards of typewriter efficiency and economy.

It was during October, 1918, that work was started on the development of the standard, four-bank typewriter, now marketed under the name of the "Demountable" typewriter. This new typewriter was first built by hand, and it was not until during the early part of 1921 that the first model was completed and demonstrated. At that time the Company commenced manufacturing this wonderful new Demountable typewriter. Demountable typewriters have since been manufactured in large quantities in the factory of the Company at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. There is no better equipped typewriter plant in the country than the one in which the Demountable typewriter is made. The Company is amply financed for large production and distribution. It owns its own land, buildings, power plant and machinery, all of which are well adapted to typewriter manufacture. Organized under the laws of the State of Wisconsin with an authorized capital of a million and a half dollars with nearly all its stockholders Wisconsin citizens, it is a typical Wisconsin manufacturing enterprise.

The "Demountable" typewriter is now being sold throughout the United States and in all the principal foreign countries. To the business world the perfecting of the "Demountable" typewriter is far more than a triumph of invention. With half a dozen simple movements and without the use of tools, the "Demountable" may be separated into its three basic units—frame, carriage and action unit. All of these units are absolutely interchangeable; so if the action unit from one typewriter, the frame from another, and the carriage from a third were assembled, the complete typewriter would operate as efficiently as any of the three "Demountables" from which it was made. For

WM. MAUTHE

cleaning or replacement, it is also possible to take out the paper table, platen, deflector plate, and feed rolls.

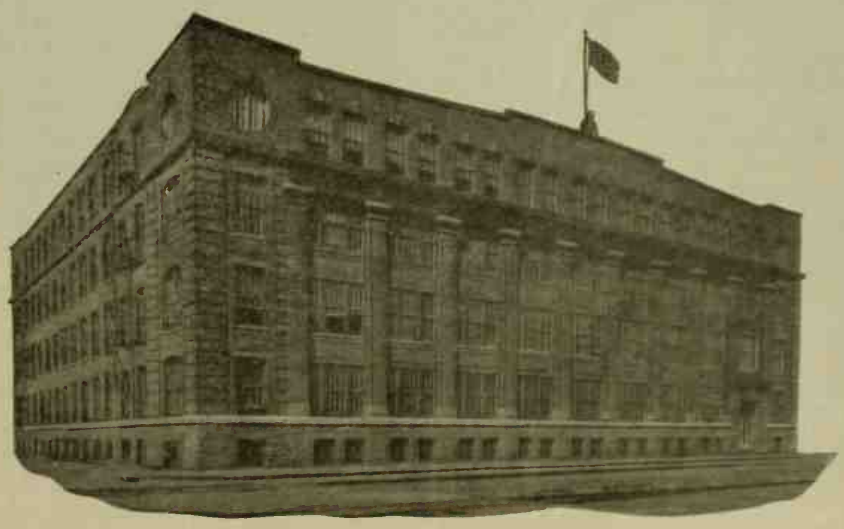
But easy cleaning is but an incidental advantage of this master stroke of Demountable designing. When, after years of use, the action unit of a Demountable Typewriter shows signs of wear, it is removed and replaced with a new one at about one-half the usual replacement cost. Typewriter buyers now save the other half.

The officers of the Demountable Typewriter Company are Wm. Mauthe, President and General Manager, F. J. Rueping, Vice-President, T. L. Doyle, Secretary, H. R. Potter, Treasurer, and T. H. O'Brien, Directors. G. T. Martin is the superintendent, and E. R. Roll, the Designing Engineer, with G. J. Reeh at the head of the Sales Department and C. J. Fay in charge of Advertising. Piero Castelli della Vinca, Via Principe Umberto 19, Milano, Italy, is the exclusive European Sales Director for the Company, and Parker Drake & Company, 36-37 Upper Thames Street, London E. C. 4, England, is the exclusive representative for the British Isles, France, Belgium, Norway, Holland, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, and Czecho Slovakia, Aggressive sales agencies have also been established in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Cuba and East India.

With the hundreds of aggressive sales agents in the United States and foreign countries actively selling the "Demountable' typewriter, and with the constantly increasing demand for the "Demountable" direct from the public, the immense factory of the company at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, will be kept busy building the "Demountable" and supplying distributors and agents throughout the world with this latest practical development in typewriter construction. The domestic slogan, "The World's Best Typewriter", and the foreign slogan, "The Machine With A Hundred Lives", have been adopted by the Company's agents everywhere and by constant use are now well established.

Wisconsin has just one typewriter plant and it is a credit to the State. Its product,

(Continued on page 22)



"DEMOUNTABLE" FACTORY AND OFFICE AT FOND DU LAC

Courtesy State Geological Survey
CHARACTERISTIC EROSION OF COARSE GRANITE, THREE ROLL FALLS, EAU CLAIRE RIVER

Wisconsin—The Geologist's Mecca

By Janet Hull

WE know that our state of Wisconsin is one of the most beautiful in the union, certainly the most beautiful in the Middle West. We have read descriptions of its beauty spots and seen pictures of them, but no one tells us why these beautiful places exist, why Wisconsin is favored above Illinois or Indiana in natural beauty. We read of the Dells and are told that on our right we find Coldwater Canyon and on our left the river's abandoned channel, but if we happen to be of the race of the curious which never outgrows its childish "why", we are left unsatisfied. Geologists can answer our why and their tales are fascinating beyond description.

Wisconsin is a Mecca for geologists. From the entire world they come to study the area in the southwestern part of the state which has been left untouched by the glaciers, an area completely surrounded by glacial deposits. Here they may study the non-glaciated topography side by side with that glaciated and so can tell us how this state would have appeared had the ice never been here.

On Wisconsin's borders they may study the greatest iron deposits in the world, the Mesabi and neighboring ranges. In the north central part of the state they may find the oldest rocks in the world, rocks which perhaps were formed at the cooling of this planet from a molten nebulous substance, though they have undergone many changes since that first cooling eons ago. Pick up a piece of crystalline rock, you people who live in northern Wisconsin. Hold it in your hand and try to let your minds drift back one hundred million years, to be conservative, when that rock was formed. It is impossible isn't it? Such enormous numbers paralyze the imagination.

E. C. Case of the State Normal School of Milwaukee gives an interesting account of the geological growth of the state. "As nearly as can be made out, the beginning of the North American continent was a great central massif of igneous rocks extending from Alaska as far south as the southern limits of the states of Missouri and Tennessee, but the northern portion, within the United States, was early buried by sediments, so that the oldest rocks appear on the surface only as far south as central Wisconsin". This massif was of igneous rock formed by the cooling of the earth's molten surface to a hard crust or by the hardening of lava poured onto the surface. Many of these rocks have been since changed by the slow movement, rise and fall of the earth and the accompanying enormous heat and pressure which alters their character and rearranges the minerals.

When the northern part of the state sank towards Lake Superior this central massif formed an island known as Isle Wisconsin, standing out from and at times almost submerged by the succeeding oceans which covered the state.

The surface of the state then sank and the ocean invaded it. From the neighboring regions not submerged, sand and clay worn away by the freezing and thawing of water, by wind and by rivers, was deposited on the bottom, to the depth of several thousand feet. Then came a period of elevation when the sea bottom was lifted out of the water, the deposits by this time being hardened into sandstone and shale through great pressure and the introduction of cementing iron and lime. Elevation continued and great

Courtesy State Geological Survey

THE WISCONSIN RIVER ON THE UNDISSECTED PENEPLAIN

mountains were formed where once had been the sea. This took place in Archean time.

There followed a long period of erosion by wind, rain and water in which the mountain mass was greatly reduced, a second submergence under sea with accompanying deposition of sand, shale and conglomerate, a second elevation, and a third great period of degradation.

The third sea, unlike the quiet, long-standing ones preceding, fluctuated constantly, and there were numerous times when the land was out of water, then under. There are found as a result many lines of unconformity in the rock of the period; that is, lines where the rock layers of one period do not fit evenly in a horizontal position with those of the layers on top, showing that erosion took place before the top layers were deposited. One of the greatest lines of unconformity in the world may be seen on the north bluff at Devil's Lake, though belonging to a later period.

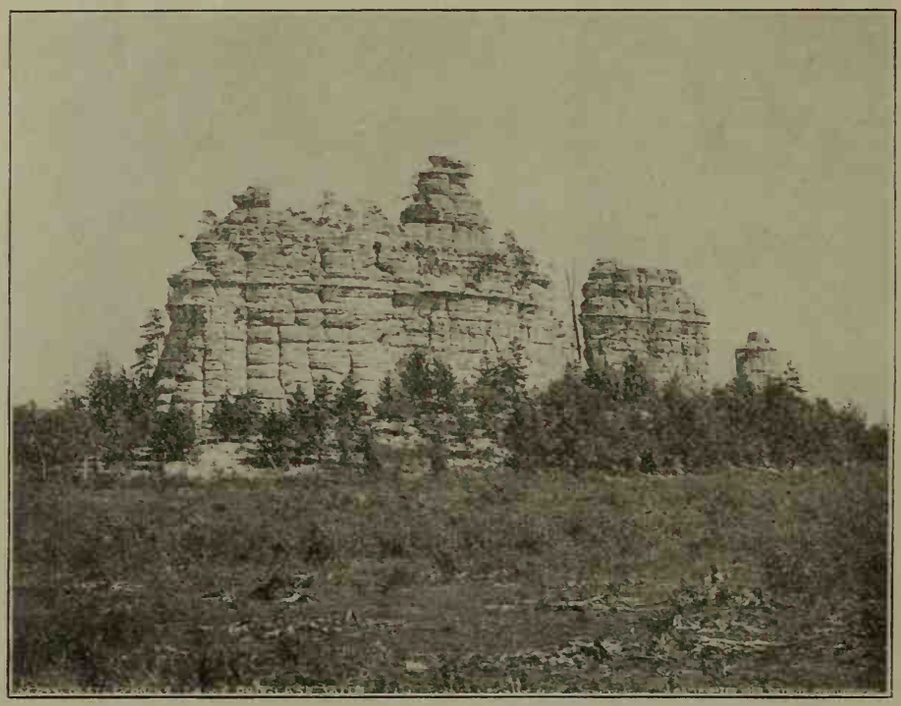
It is during this time, Proterozoic, that the first signs of life appear as evidenced by the presence of limestone which is formed by hard parts of tiny sea creatures broken by the waves.

Again the sea-bottom was elevated into mountains ten thousand feet high, and a vast period of degradation took place during which the mountains were leveled almost to a flat plain, called a peneplain, while the more resistant rocks stood out as great ridges on the surface known as monadnocks. Baraboo ridge was formed in this period, the Cambrian. It owes its existence to the hard quartzite of which it is composed, a sandstone which has been metamorphosed by the action of underground waters.

Following the Cambrian period came many more submergences and degradations during which Baraboo ridge was completely covered by sandstones, shales, and limestones. It is not yet wholely exhumed from these deposits. During this time the sea-bottom varied greatly in depth, becoming deeper to

Courtesy State Geological Survey

A WAVE-CUT BLUFF OF THE TOLESTON STAGE OF GLACIAL LAKE CHICAGO NORTH OF MILWAUKEE



Courtesy State Geological Survey

VIEW OF CASTELLATED ARID-LAND AND DRIFTLESS AREA FORMS AT CAMP DOUGLAS

the south, the farther the ocean went from the central Isle Wisconsin. In the deep parts we find limestones, for the corals and shell-fish which formed them always seek deep, clear water. In the shallow waters to the north are the coarser rocks, sandstone, and conglomerate. In the low swampy places are shales,. and so the depth of the ocean is easily determined by the character of the rock, for of course the heavy materials are always dumped near shore while the fine are swept far out.

At the end of Devonian time Wisconsin rose out of the water and has never since been submerged, though other parts of the United States have under gone several submergences since then.

Thus we find Wisconsin completely made after many millions of years, having been built up slowly by successive deposition of materials on the ocean bed, around the old massif as a nucleus.

There followed a long period of degradation by freezing and thawing, the action of plants, changes of temperature, solvent water, and the transporting by rivers, winds, and waves, during which the state was carved into rugged hills, deep valleys, and broad, rolling plains. The "Wisconsin Alps," those beautiful hills near Avoca, were begun in this time.

As an area is worn down by erosion the harder rocks always resist for a longer time and stand out as ridges and mounds. Military ridge in the southwest is one of the most famous of these ridges. Blue and Platte mounds are conspicuous elevations which owe their existence to a hard capping layer of limestone which once extended across the entire state. It is interesting, in looking at these mounds to remember that all the land was once of the same elevation as their tops. But erosion began its insidious work in tiny cracks, which offered lines of weakness, slowly but inexorably ground out the weaker rocks and then rivers plowed down and spread their valleys out to the sides. The many small hills and mounds between Madison, Cross Plains and Black Earth, are all capped with limestone which has been exposed to the surface. You may see on several of these hills where the limestone has been broken through and where great boulders have fallen off the top due to the deep undercutting of the softer rock below the cap.

The exhuming of Baraboo ridge, buried in the pre-Devonian deposits, began at this time, and is still going on, for the old Baraboo peneplain and lower part of the monadnock are still deeply covered. The same peneplain may be seen now at Wausau to the north where it was not buried so deeply.

The Penokee-Gogebic iron range of Lake Superior has an interesting story. This region has been greatly folded, tilted and distorted by earth movement and lava flows forced through the rock layers at an acute angle. These lava flows are called "dikes", and due to their greater hardness stand out on the surface of the country as prominent ridges which are the iron ranges. Iron is found, however, not in the range, but at one side of it. Below the surface is a porous layer of rock through which the underground waters may flow. Beneath the porous layer is an impervious layer, and where the dike cuts across these layers an angle or trough is formed by the dike and impervious rock which stops the flow of the waters. Here it collects in a pool and deposits the iron which it was carrying.

Van Hise gives an interesting explanation of the lateral gulches and canyons of the Dells. If you will observe carefully the sides of the bluffs you will see innumerable cracks running parallel to one another at right angles to the strata of the rock. They were made by the tilting of the rock and resultant cracking. These cracks form lines of weakness and streams flowing across the top seek out these lines as the easiest way to reach the river. Being smaller and swifter than the main river they work faster and can keep down to its level. In this way was formed Cold Water Canyon, Witches' Gulch, and Artist's Glen.

(Continued on page 23)

Courtesy State Geological Survey

ACCORDANT JUNCTION OF MAIN STREAM WITH TRIBUTARY IN THE DRIFTLESS AREA SOUTHEAST OF LA CROSSE

About Jolly Old Santa

A Story for the Little Folks

By Alice Lutes

OF course you have all heard about how jolly old Santa comes down the chimney on Christmas and fills the stockings of all the good little boys and girls. There are children who do not believe in him and perhaps they might tell you there isn't any Santa. But don't you believe what they say, for I saw him on the street just the other day and had the loveliest chat with him about his home and work. Shall I tell you what he told me?

We couldn't talk very well there on the street because so many merry children were flocking around him and trying to hang on his hands. So we went into the store where he had just brought a load of toys in his sleigh, and sat down for a cozy chat.

"How does it come you are here in town, Santa?" said I, with a smile. "All the children suppose that you are very busy in your toy shop about now. Why, it's only a week until Christmas!" said I, looking at a calendar which hung on the wall over our heads.

"Ho, ho, ho," laughed the jolly old sprite, slapping both hands on his knees, "That's just the reason I am here. Just because it is nearly Christmas time.

"You see, I want to look all over this town and see which children are good and which are naughty. So far, I have found only two really naughty ones, and I'm hoping they will change and be good soon, for it pains me to leave even one empty stocking hanging anywhere on Christmas eve." And as he spoke these words he looked very sad indeed.

"Tell me about your home, Santa," said I, offering him my bag of big, red apples.

"Bless my heart!" he cried merrily, selecting a big, juicy one and taking a large bite from it. "I do love apples and generally bring them for children who are very, very good.

"First, I will tell you about my home," said he, rolling his cap up from his ear, as he was used to being in a cold climate and it was quite warm in the store.

"I live far, far away up near the North Pole in a big snow house. Mrs. Santa has one end of her clothesline tied to the North Pole, and I often hitch my reindeer to it while loading my sleigh with toys. It comes in mighty handy for lots of things. Yes siree," and he gave a little chuckle as he crossed his fat, short legs.

I make my toys in my shop which is in one end of the snow house and Mrs. Santa and my crew of goblins and brownies help me make them and paint them.

"Just about four weeks from Christmas I begin bringing toys to all the stores in all the towns to keep for me until I am ready for them on Christmas eve. You see, I live so far away, and have to bring presents to so many children that I bring them to town load after load while the children are asleep, so as to have them handy.

"On my way back home I take bright colored paints, nails, and other things which I need to make toys with. I have my year's work all done now, and from now until Christmas Eve I shall visit every city in order to find out which of the children living there are good and which are not.

"But goodness me! I must be off if I expect to get home in time for supper," and with a merry laugh and wave of his hand he was gone.

Jing-ling, jing-a-ling, rang out the silvery bells on his sleigh as the reindeer pranced along keeping time to the merry tune he was humming.

"Whoa, my hearties!" he sang out as the reindeer came up to the snow house by the North Pole, in the door of which stood Mrs. Santa with her apron thrown up over her head to shut out the sharp, cold winds.

"Santa, Santa!" she cried excitedly, "Just come in and eat your supper, then go and see what has happened to your shop."

But Santa didn't seem to be the least bit worried, for as he ate his meal there were merry wrinkles in the corners of his eyes as though he was thinking of something funny, and now and then he would chuckle to himself.

"I suppose that mischievous wooden clown has been playing some more of his pranks, the little rascal," he smiled as he arose from the table and brushed the cake crumbs from his beard. "Oh, well, we shall see, we shall see." And away he toddled off to his shop, still chuckling merrily.

And what do you suppose he saw when he opened the shop door and stepped in!

It was plain to be seen that the frolicsome, wooden clown had been in mischief while Santa was gone to town.

(Continued on page 24)

Wisconsin's White House

By Edward N. Hein

THE Badger "white house," the most interesting of Madison's historic buildings, has been redecorated and improved, ready to start its sixty-ninth year.

Coming into existence with the Republican party in 1856, the Gilman street house started as the home of Julius White, who was to become a general in the Union army during the Civil war, and it remained in private hands until 1885, when the state bought the property as a home for its governors, and it has been the "governor's mansion" ever since.

There is an air of stateliness about the home of the state's executive. Tall trees cast their shadows on the lawn that slopes down the hillside to the waters of Lake Mendota. The house itself is an American rendition of Italian Renaissance, built of sandstone quarried near Madison.

Changes have come since the stone building first came to grace the hill and start its career as Madison's center of social life. Within the last year a concrete drive has been laid from the road to the combination garage and boathouse on the lake shore. An enclosed car can be seen standing in the yard, with its license number 1, a number which has been allotted for Wisconsin governors.

A scrap book in the possession of Mrs. Charles A. Harper, wife of the state health officer, discloses much of the early social life that centered about the Gilman street mansion.

General White, who built the house, sold it to George P. Delaplaine, whose family was one of marked social prominence. Many festivities were held while they occupied it. Gen. Delaplaine had come to Madison as private secretary to Gov. Nelson Dewey, first governor of the state, and was a resident of the city until his death.

The house was sold by Gen. Delaplaine in the latter part of the 60's to Senator J. G. Thorpe, a millionaire lumberman of Eau Claire, and it was again under the Thorpe regime the center of Madison's social life.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the history of the house was that having to do with Ole Bull, famous Norwegian violinist, who married Miss Sarah Thorpe, and made the place his home for some years.

According to the story, Ole Bull had met Sarah, when she was a small child, at one of his concerts in Washington, to which her mother had taken her. Prof. R. B. Anderson says in his autobiography that he introduced the Thorpes to Ole Bull at a reception given for the violinist in 1869. Mrs. Thorpe cultivated the acquaintance of the great artist and when he went to Norway the following year she and her daughter followed him and were entertained by him in his native home. Miss Thorpe was then scarcely more than 18 and was very bright and clever, a fine pianist, dancer and conversationalist; in short, like her mother, thoroughly accomplished.

Ole Bull's marriage to the young Madison girl was privately solemnized at the American consulate in Christiana on June 1, 1870. In the autumn the bridal pair returned to America and on the evening of Sept. 6 the marriage in Norway was sanctioned in accordance with American custom at the Thorpe mansion, the Rev. C. H. Richards of the First Congregational church performing the ceremony. For years Ole Bull made the Thorpe residence his home, when not absent on con-

(Continued on page 24)

RECKONING WITH THE BEAVER

(Continued from page 6)

ows where strange looking cattle graze. Adaptable by nature, the beaver worries less over these changed conditions than does the farmer who becomes his neighbor. Along the smaller streams dams are built which flood the lowlands overnight; intake and outlet of artificial water courses are again blocked by the dam builders as often as the obstructions are removed by the irate land owner. Before the "frost is on the pumpkin or the fodder's in the shock" the beaver proceeds to harvest his share of both and, in due season, sets his teeth into the sapwood of the orchard's choicest trees.

The farmer does not take kindly to his new neighbors, however commendable their abounding industry. To him it is a serious matter—this invasion of intensively farmed rural districts by creatures that belong in the wilds. We agree with him; the beaver in such surroundings is as much out of place as the proverbial pig in the parlor. Reckoning his losses in dollars and cents, the farmer views with alarm the increase of these big fur-bearing rodents and revolts against the game laws which protect them. This attitude often leads to violation of such laws, a course which can not be condoned, however great the provocation. Common sense construction of the law by those charged with its enforcement, or modification of its measures to meet the new conditions, would establish the rights of both farmer and beaver.

For the beaver has its rights—to life and the pursuit of happiness. I omit "liberty" because too much of that is a dangerous thing for beavers—not to mention some of the self-styled lords of creation. An animal that originally fed and clothed many of the aboriginal tribes of our country, that established our trading posts, that fixed certain of our boundary lines and, finally, that built up vast areas of our most productive farm lands, should be allowed its place in the scheme of things, which we, forsooth, decree.

Giving due weight to sentiment, then, we will add an economic reason or two for the rehabilitation of the beaver. If it isn't enough to contemplate a picture of nature now and then in certain of her original settings and colors, we will embellish it with a gilt frame. The beaver is, or has been, one of our most valuable fur-bearing animals. When we note the steady and rapid decrease in the annual catch of almost all the wild animals that

DAVIES BIG OFFER

Kangaroo Leather Arch-Support Shoe

The Shoe of Shoes

$6

$6

"Footwear For the Family, Nothing Over $6.00"

Davies Economy Boot Shops

Madison
Kenosha
Beloit
Rockford
Chicago
Sheboygan
Three Stores in Racine

RUNDLE ---SPENCE

—known everywhere as makers of dependable plumbing supplies and specialties.

Wherever you go, you will find many prominent buildings Rundle-Spence equipped.

R-S Line Includes---

A complete range of plumbers' supplies and fixtures, the newest types of bath room fixtures, sanitary drinking fountains and hundreds of specialties.

Whether you are buying a hundred or single unit installation—Rundle-Spence will fill your needs economically—*and the name is your assurance of satisfaction.*

Rundle-Spence Mfg. Co.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

contribute to our fur supply, we may well cast about for future sources of commodity. Muffs, collarettes, and trimmings are essential to the peace, if not the security, of the American home. Fur farming has, therefore, in recent years, come to be looked upon as an attractive business and one promising good financial returns. Just now foxes seem to have the field in the production of furs under semi-domestication. But some day miladi will probably frown on fox peltry and then Reynard will be down, with one thousand yards to go.

However, I am not, in this discussion, advocating domestication of the beaver. I am not sure yet that the race would thrive in continuous confinement, to say nothing of yielding furs at a profit. Neither am I persuaded that the average fur-wearer would be willing to lay in a supply of cord wood each season to feed the hungry rodents. The family woodbox yawns too often as things are. I do know, though, that the beaver is easily handled, tractable, hardy, and wears a livery that will admit him to the court of kings. All we ask for the beaver is a chance to make good on lands that were once the inheritance of his fathers and are still available for his uses without detriment to our interests. Such are forest lands in the public domain, State and Federal wild-life preserves, and private holdings whose owners will undertake to guarantee protection to valuable mammal and bird life. In these situations the beavers should be the property of the State or Federal government, as the case may be, concessions being made to private land owners who may wish to "farm" the beaver and harvest a crop of pelts from time to time—under proper regulations.

Very satisfactory methods of taking beavers alive and uninjured have been worked out by the U. S. Biological Survey and the Canadian Parks Service. Beavers that are becoming troublesome in farming districts may, therefore, be readily moved from these situations and used for stocking new or depleted ranges. The same methods might also be employed in selective trapping for the mature animals that are to be killed for their furs, thus conserving the kits, or other beavers that may be in poor peltage.

When taken in this way beavers may be readily handled, for they are not in the least vicious. In fact they appear rather stupid and bewildered when out of their natural element, the water. They may be transported, on forest trails, in pockets of poultry netting slung on poles or even in gunny-bags carried over the trapper's shoulder. When properly crated and supplied with food for the journey, they may be safely shipped by express across the continent.

The quickened pulse of sentiment more recently noted in the veins of our too materialistic American life inclines us to believe that a new day is dawning for the lives of the hunted, including the beaver. Greed for gain will always dominate certain individuals and classes; but public sentiment for justice to these creatures of the wild is strong enough to have its way if it will. It needs to be galvanized into action, however, and to be properly directed when it gets going. It is encouraging to note the increase of organized forces that stand for the conservation of valuable bird and mammal life; the rehabilitation, so far as possible, of certain forests and streams and the establishment of public recreation grounds sans denatured landscapes. The public press, too, in many quarters, as in the case of The Wisconsin Magazine, is filling its proper mission to the extent of diffusing knowledge in these matters and encouraging concerted action.

The present frantic clamor for the skins of other animals with which to adorn the adorable sex of our species is not the cause but the result of commercial intrigue to despoil the wilds. The sign can not produce the cause of the thing signified. The salvation we accomplished years ago for many groups of birds threatened with extinction by the wholesale milliners' trade, may be wrought out now for the fur-bearing animals if we go about it in a similar way.

WISCONSIN'S OWN TYPEWRITER

(Continued from page 15)

the "Demountable", is especially suited for schools, colleges, institutions and all business enterprises requiring a dependable letter writing machine, at the lowest possible cost. That is why so many Demountable Typewriters are already in use in Wisconsin. Wisconsin typewriter users are loyal to all Wisconsin enterprises when the product is in keeping with merit and efficiency.

The "Demountable Typewriter" is now the permanent success which its organizers intended it should be, and the Demountable Typewriter Company, with its distributors, representatives and agents are now well on the road toward reaching that successful goal to which their persistent efforts and constant application of intelligent hard work entitle them.

WISCONSIN—THE GEOLOGIST'S MECCA

(Continued from page 18)

I have tried to sketch the origin of a few of Wisconsin's most famous beauty spots, and those which are the most striking examples of different geological formations. Chequamegon Bay and the Apostle Islands represent another formation and one quite different from the others described. This lovely region has been made entirely by wave action, rather than by erosion as in the preceding cases. The Apostle Islands, in Lake Superior, are actually a part of the mainland, from which they have been separated by the invasion of the lakewaters. In pre-glacial times Lake Superior was a valley, occupied by a large river which cut the land into valleys and hills. This region sank and the water left by the glaciers which made a lake out of the old river valley, drowned the land, leaving only the highest places out of the water. The Apostle Islands are the tops of the pre-glacial hills.

Cnequamegon Point was made by waves and currents. The winds here come in general from one direction and the currents move parallel to them. As they go past a jutting neck of land, they remove a large amount of its material because their sweep is unobstructed and the water deep. As the current passes the headland and goes into the bay inside, it spreads out and drops its load in the quiet water. In this way Oak Point bar was made.

To quote again from E. C. Case: "Waves form bars off shore across the mouth of rivers and bays in a rather different manner. If the bottom is sandy or cumbered with loose debris brought down by the rivers and is shallow for a considerable distance out from the shore, so that the material at the bottom is within the shallow zone which feels the disturbance of the waves, the wave currents pick up the material and carry it toward the shore in their inward rush, but as they approach the shore and feel the retarding action of the shallowing water, the load is in part deposited and a line of bars is built up at a point which is determined by several factors, as the strength of the waves and currents, the amount of loose debris, and so forth.

This line of bars or spit finally joined the Oak Point bar, connecting it with the mainland. The spit continued its growth beyond the bar by currents parallel to the shore and at last Chequamegon Bar reached its present state.

Probably the most important event topographically which occurred in Wisconsin was the arrival of the glaciers, for to them we owe our many lovely lakes.

The glaciers which invaded Wisconsin, known as the Labrador ice sheet, came from a region east of Hudson's Bay. Near St. Croix Falls on the western border the Keewatin ice sheet which had its center west of Hudson's Bay just touched the state.

The Driftless Area

The famous driftless area lies in the southwestern corner of the state. The cause of its existence is not definitely known, but it is believed that the ice in coming from Michigan and Superior had to climb a highland about 2,200 feet high which split it into two lobes and greatly retarded its advance. After finally surmounting the obstruction the advance was further retarded by the end of the glacial age when the climate became warmer. The ice was also exposed to the full glare of the sun on the south and so melted faster. On the lower levels, however, it was enabled to move faster and so crept around until the two different lobes met to the south of the driftless area, completely surrounding it.

The influence of the glaciers on the surface of the state was enormous. They filled in deep valleys with their deposits, they wore off the rugged tops of hills and in general softened the surface features. But they also left many moraines where the ice front stood still for a long time, building up great hills by the steady melting of the ice and dumping down of its accumulated debris. The Kettle Moraine is the largest of these.

There were three successive ice invasions, between each of which forest and animal life flourished, and fossils of which are numerous.

Formation of Lakes

The lakes were made by the glaciers in several ways, according to Fenneman: they are basins formed by the melting of great blocks of ice left buried in glacial debris, of which Lakes Beulah and Lauderdale are examples; those formed by the damming of rivers, such as the Madison lakes, Devil's Lake, Green Lake and the Great Lakes; valleys between terminal moraines such as Elkhart Lake; troughs of small glacial lobes as Lakes Geneva and Delavan and undulations in the ground moraine as Turtle Lake.

We are now in still another period of degradation during which the glacial debris is being slowly carried away. In time our lakes will disappear, as the cause for their existence is removed, and who knows if some day the ocean will not again pound its foam-tipped waves over the green forests and ripening fields. Happily, it is a slow process.

As one reads of the formation of the state and looks upon its beauties, one is reminded of the old saying, "The mills of the gods grind slow but they grind exceedingly fine." One hundred million years have gone into the making of Wisconsin and the result is the lovely country of which every Badger is proud.

German Police Dogs

This is a gift that son or daughter would love to have.

A beautiful German Police Dog makes an excellent companion and pet.

A few fine puppies out of imported, registered stock. Sired by "Grim von Mainkur."

Prices and photographs on application.

Charles H. Dodge, M. D.
Clinton, Wisconsin

The Sign of

Better Printing

Where quality and service work to your advantage.

Where both are shown in the finished product.

A printing factory where printed matter is built—where you are assisted in getting *sales literature that sells.*

Hundreds of customers are taking advantage of our organization made up of Wisconsin people—each schooled in his particular line of work.

Write for our booklet "Printing, Where and How it is Done Best."

Democrat Printing Co.

114 South Carroll Street

Madison, Wisconsin

Here since 1865

JOLLY OLD SANTA

(Continued from page 19)

He had painted the hobby-horse's tail green and its head red, while two rubber dolls were made purple all over. The tin soldiers were all painted black with green eyes and two of the largest and prettiest dollies had red rings around their pretty eyes, and black ones around their mouths. Such sights I am sure you never saw!

And was Santa very angry about all this?

Not he. Instead, he sat down on his work bench and laughed and laughed until he had to hold his sides.

"Ho, ho, ho!" cried he, reaching down behind his bench, where the clown was hiding, and grabbing him by the feet. "You seem to be fond of a joke, my fine fellow. Well, so am I. And I am thinking you will get the worst of it this time, you little rascal!" And with these words Santa dipped the clown's head into the black paint, and hanging him on the rack to dry, he toddled back into the room where Mrs. Santa was.

"We must go to bed, my dear," said he glancing at the clock, "for I have several towns to visit tomorrow and must be up early."

So, now, you must be really good children, for perhaps your town will be the very one he will visit when next he gets up in the morning.

WISCONSIN'S WHITE HOUSE

(Continued from page 20)

cert tours, and gave considerable attention to the beautification of the grounds. In the embankment leading to the lake he had built a series of terraces in Norwegian style, resembling a mountain road. Traces of this can still be seen. Croquet parties were a feature of outdoor life then, as were also aquatic contests on the lake nearby. Ole Bull was a genial host and entertained and delighted his many visitors with wonderful and amusing tales of travel, anecdotes of celebrities he had met, and when the spirit moved him, with selections upon the violin, naturally the greatest of treats. At heart Ole Bull was thoroughly democratic and was as ready to play at the wedding of a daughter of one of his poorer countrymen as before a crowned head.

Ole Bull and the Thorpes moved to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to live, and during the first term Gov. Jeremiah Rusk bought the Madison residence from the Thorpes, paying $15,000. In 1885 the legislature passed an act authorizing the purchase by the state of a dwelling for the governor, at a cost not to exceed $20,000. Gov. Rusk had made many improvements and the commission purchased the property from him, paying $20,000. From that time to the present it has been the official home of the executives of the state. As such it has been the scene of many receptions and social events of note as the wedding in 1895 of a daughter of Gov. and Mrs. Upham to Edgar P. Sawyer of Oshkosh.

Many other historic homes surround the executive residence. Among them is that of the late Col. William F. Vilas. On the east side of the Governor's mansion, in a house of similar construction, lives Mr. Carl A. Johnson, president of the Wisconsin Manufacturers Association.

The home of Wisconsin's governors is no longer one of the great houses of Madison, as many homes much more expensive and elegant have sprung up, but none has more interesting associations. A chamber set of mahogany imported from Norway by Ole Bull is still used in one of the guest rooms.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Wisconsin Magazine, published monthly at Madison, Wisconsin, for October 1, 1923: State of Wisconsin, County of Dane, ss. Before me, a notary in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared the Business Manager of The Wisconsin Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Wisconsin Magazine, Incorporated, 114 S. Carroll St., Madison, Wis.; Editor, Hardy Steeholm, 114 S. Carroll St., Madison, Wis.; Business Manager, E. W. Chapleau, 114 S. Carroll St., Madison, Wis. 2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given) The Wisconsin Magazine, Incorporated, 114 S. Carroll St., Madison, Wis.; Hardy Steeholm, 114 S. Carroll St., Madison, Wis.; E. W. Chapleau, 114 S. Carroll St., Madison, Wis.; B. B. Kneer, 114 S. Carroll St., Madison, Wis. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are none. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

E. W. CHAPLEAU,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this second day of October, 1923.

(Seal) CECIL H. BARAGWANATH.

My Commission expires Feb. 24, 1924.

Form 3526—Ed. 1922

EGYPTIAN LEGENDS

The universal belief in God, in the great spirit that pervades all things, and the similarity which that belief must of necessity contain, is illustrated in part of a hymn that is said to have been sung daily to the Egyptian god Amen in the great temple of Thebes. This devotional hymn is contained in a recent book by F. H. Brooksbank called "Legends of Ancient Egypt", published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. These fascinating legends are of particular interest at this time when scientists are excavating the ancient tombs of Egypt. The hymn follows:

"God is One and Alone, and there is none other beside Him.
God is one and Alone, the Maker of all His creatures.
God is a Spirit, deep-hidden from eye of man and from all things;
God is the Spirit of Spirits, of Egypt, the spirit divine.
God is God from the beginning; before all things were he was God:
Lord of existences is He, Father of all, God Eternal.
God is the One Everlasting, Perpetual, Eternal, Unending;
From endless time hath He been, and shall be henceforth and forever.
God is Hidden, and no man His form hath perceived nor His likeness,
Unknown of Gods and of men, Mysterious, Incomprehensible.
God is Truth, and on Truth doth he live; King of Truth divine is He.
God is Life; and man liveth through Him, the Primeval, alone."

FORM "BADGER SOCIETY OF AMERICA"

Several former Wisconsin men, now living in Chicago, have formed a national organization to be known as the Badger Society of America.

The families of these men were pioneers in the Badger State and important factors in making its early history. The object as stated in the certificate of organization is "To unite natives of Wisconsin and their descendants for patriotic, educational and social purposes—to establish state societies to further the objects—to obtain, record, and publish items and records relating to Wisconsin."

It is planned by the organizers to hold annual conventions, which will be in the nature of a home-coming pilgrimage, somewhere in the state of Wisconsin during the summer months.

The officers are Frank A. Alden, President, President Garfield Park State Savings Bank, 4004 W. Madison St., Chicago, R. J. Bourgeois, Vice President, O. Henry Schwalbe, Secretary-Treasurer.

The Wisconsin Magazine has been designated by the organizers as their official magazine, and one of the benefits of membership in the society.

BOOK REVIEWS

We Explore the Great Lakes, by Webb Waldron (Century). We are profoundly sorry that Mr. Waldron should have been satisfied with a superficial visit to Wisconsin, for he is a delightful writer, and a book by him, treating Wisconsin as our state deserves to be treated, both from the standpoint of its scenic beauty and its social interests, would be worth reading. Apparently Wisconsin will always remain in the mind of this Easterner as a crude pioneer state, just awakening into consciousness of its own power. It is true that the professional booster is a tedious person to have around, and not the best advocate of what he professes to be "boosting", and Mr. Waldron may be entitled to his peeve on account of some Wisconsin natives who volunteered to show him our state, but still he and his wife, lampooning and cartooning Wisconsin as they do in their book have been anything but fair. Were there nothing to admire in Wisconsin, why the rapidly multiplying tourist traffic that comes here each year—a good share of it from the blase East?

That Marvel—The Movie, by Edward S. Van Zile (Putnam). An industry with a yearly income of $520,000,000; representing a total investment of $1,250,000,000; spending $5,000,000 a year on advertising; paying out $75,000,000 in salaries and wages in its studios alone; catering to a weekly audience of 50,000,000; employing 300,000 people—is an industry worth talking about and worth reading about. It may be the greatest social menace we are facing today, or it may become the most beneficent influence in advancing our civilization. This is the thesis of Mr. Van Zile in his new book on the movie. He calls the movie "the Esperanto of the Eye", and proves his case. He has great things in mind for the movie, as when he says, "The screen is a mirror in which the race can see itself as it has been and as it is, and a tongue, comprehended of all men, that might, if it rises to its great mission, bring salvation to the world." The closing paragraph of this book is interesting: 'A lighthouse of the past, a university of universities, a fountain of all revealed knowledge, inculcated through a medium understood of all men, a Mecca for the pilgrims of progress from all corners of the earth,' that is my dream, and, for having dreamed it, I know that I am a better man. By the same token, the human race would become a better race if it possessed the foresight and common-sense to make my dream come true!"

Mr. Van Zile is right. There is no limit to the usefulness of the camera as an instrument of teaching. It is only surprising that our own University, for instance, does not make constant and regular use of moving pic-

A Valuable Office Reference

Our "Guide to Office Equipment" for 1924, just completed, is always valuable in your office when you are in need of supplies.

This catalog contains *everything* that you use in your office, from steel safes to paper clips.

All are so reasonably priced, and of such unvarying high quality, that you will in every case be satisfied—and save money—by using the "Guide to Office Equipment" for 1924.

Send for your copy.

EAU CLAIRE BOOK & STATIONERY CO. WISCONSIN

Office Supply Specialists

The Wisconsin State Journal

BUREAU OF OFFICIAL INFORMATION

publishes each Saturday a Bulletin which digests all the rulings, orders, findings and decisions of the administrative bodies of the State Government.

It is the only means by which lawyers, manufacturers, bankers, and professional and business men can keep in close touch with administrative functioning.

For further information address
Bureau of Official Information
William J. Anderson, Director
P. O. Box 294
Madison, Wisconsin

ELECTROTYPES

NICKELTYPES
STEREOTYPES
MATRICES
WAX RULING
COLOR PLATES
EMBOSSING PLATES
BOOK PLATES
CURVED PLATES

of QUALITY

A complete electrotype service, backed by 25 years continuous experience, and the largest electrotype establishment in Wisconsin.

For your own sake, try us when you want quality and quick service.

NUZUM
ELECTROTYPE CO.
346 JEFFERSON ST., MILWAUKEE

Patten Paper Co., Ltd.

Manufacturers of

Machine Finish Book,
Rag Print
and
Specialties

Appleton Wis.

tures in the classrooms. The time is coming when the moving picture machine will assume as important a role in our schools as the microscope in our laboratories.

Tut, Tut! Mr. Tutt, by Arthur Train (Scribners). Cunning, kindly lawyer Tutt is again the principal actor in a series of clever, human stories. While the plots have a legal flavor, this does not detract in the least from the layman's enjoyment.

Changeling and Other Stories, by Donn Byrne (Century). These stories satisfy the demand for plot plus. They scintillate, they provoke ideas, they entertain, and they are finished. The new version of Samson and Delilah is more plausible than the Old Testament tale.

The Middle of the Road, by Sir Philip Gibbs (Doran). Particularly interesting for its descriptions of present conditions in England, in France, and in Bolshevik Russia, so recent, apparently, that they might be a newspaper report except that they are too vivid and realistic. It is a plea for toleration in the midst of world-wide revolution.

The Family at Gilje, by Jonas Lie, translated from the Norwegian by Hon. Samuel Coffin Eastman (Doubleday, Page & Company). This splendid translation of what is perhaps one of the best of Lie's realistic novels, will be welcome to all lovers of Scandinavian literature. The biographical and critical introduction by Professor Julius E. Olson of the University of Wisconsin makes the edition still more valuable.

The Lunatic at Large Again, by J. Storer Clouston (E. P. Dutton). A clever lunatic, and his adventures when he escapes from a sanitarium and mixes into everyday affairs. Not a dull moment in the whole story.

The Bachelor Girl, by Victor Margueritte. (Alfred A. Knopf) Another of the many unnecessary tributes to sex supremacy now flooding the market. It is a very much disputed book, well done from an artistic standpoint, but, while it is really harmless, it does no good.

Football, How to Play it and How to Understand It, by J. W. Wilce, M. D., Head Football Coach at The Ohio State University (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, $2.00) We made the statement some time ago that ninety per cent of the people who fill the grandstands at intercollegiate football games don't understand the game well enough to get their money's worth out of it. They may be good rooters, but rooting is a mighty poor substitute for enjoyment of the fine points of an athletic contest. We have, therefore, been anxiously waiting for someone to write a book that would make the game plain to the multitude who watch it. Dr. Wilce has done more than that; he has made his book a valuable text for coaches and athletes as well. It should be in every high school library, and makes an admirable gift to young men actively interested in football. The book is well illustrated with diagrams and photographs.

In Quest of El Dorado, by Stephen Graham (Appleton). Columbus, Balboa, Coronado, Cortez—what pictures of romantic adventure these names call to mind. No story of chivalry and daring can equal that of the discovery and exploration of the New World. It was a highly original idea, therefore, that came to Stephen Graham when he conceived of the plan of following the trails of the early American explorers, and the result is a fascinating book of travel. It is more than a book of travel; it contains little commentaries on life and people, customs and manners, literature and history, that makes one page through the book again and again after the first reading.

Tumbleweeds, by Hal. G. Evarts (Little, Brown). A story of the disappearing western frontier, of the wild, impulsive, generous men, with here and there a cattle-thief, who rode the great plains of the West, and a description of the last great roundup and the mad dash of the homesteaders on the opening of the Cherokee Strip.

Christ or Mars, by Will Irwin (Appleton). A challenge to the Christian church, an accusation of cowardice and ineffectiveness on the part of those entrusted with the only instrument that can possibly prevent war—the practical realization of the doctrines of Christ.

A Laugh A Day Keeps the Doctor Away, by Irvin S. Cobb (Doran). America's best known humorist has put inside the covers of a book three hundred and sixty-six anecdotes (one for each day in the year), of the kind that you laugh at,—typical American humor. Just a suggestion to those who are called on to make after-dinner speeches or act as toastmaster,—this is what you have wanted for a long time.

The Lone Wolf Returns, by Louis Joseph Vance (Dutton). A gripping detective novel, with a reformed master criminal as the principal character. It is a one-reading book, but worth the trouble.

The High Place, by James Branch Cabell (McBride). We would not recommend this novel for sewing circles to read out loud, although we would be interested in hearing the discussion which such an experiment would arouse. This book, like "Jurgen", will undoubtedly go through several editions.

The Second Generation, by Anthony M. Rud (Doubleday, Page). We are particularly interested in this novel because it has most of its setting in early Wisconsin, and names places and describes circumstances familiar to us all. Aside from that, however, it is an exceptional story, almost cruel in its realism, vivid in its characterization, a novel of everyday life, grim and uncompromising as the rugged mountains of Norway, from which country the author draws his principal characters.

Tar and Feathers, by Victor Rubin (Dorrance). This is a plea for a return to traditional American tolerance in matters of race and religion. It is an invective against "invisible" government. As a novel, it suffers under the weight of carrying an argument, and attempting to present all the issues of that argument.

Playwrights on Playmaking, by Brander Matthews (Scribners, $2.00). The sub-title, "Studies of the Stage" is a better index to what this volume contains. Brander Matthews, venerable dean of American dramatic criticism issues these essays in his seventieth year.

The gleanings of a lifetime of study and literary activity are here gathered, making the volume one of the most illuminating and valuable that has come to our attention during the past year. Professor Matthew takes us back of the stage and in an intimate and refreshing manner introduces us to playwrights and their habits.

Getting Your Name in Print, by H. S. McCauley (Funk and Wagnalls). A very useful book for those whose business or social ambition makes it urgent for them to keep their names in the press. It tells what newspapers want, and how to get it to them so that they will accept it.

American Nights Entertainment, by Grant Overton (Published jointly by Appleton, Doran, Doubleday, and Scribner). We can easily pronounce this as the best bargain in books we have ever seen. Published frankly as a means of acquainting the reading public with books published by the four great publishing houses named, it is nevertheless a book that anyone may be proud to possess. It is a reference work, as well as a biographical collection of outstanding authors and books of our own generation. The volume is excellently bound, printed on high grade paper, and contains a number of excellent photographs. And here is the surprise: **American Nights Entertainment,** over four hundred pages of vital information on contemporary books and authors, sells at **fifty cents.** This munificent sum, sent to any of the four publishing houses (D. Appleton & Co., Doubleday, Page & Co., George H. Doran Company, and Charles Schribner's Sons, all of New York), will bring this book-bargain "right to your door," as they say in the patent medicine ads.

Random Studies in the Romantic Chaos, by F. A. Waterhouse (McBride). Mr. Waterhouse has carried the discussion of Romanticism a few steps further than literature. He shows the effects of romantic tendencies in Napoleon Bonaparte, in Victor Hugo, in Kipling, in Debussy, Mozart, Chopin, and finds in the uncertainty of American social status a substantial reason why the Americans have grasped so willingly the romantic chimera passed down from that arch-romantic, Rousseau. "Nowhere," he says, "has the Rousseauistic trick of using fiction as a squeamish refuge from fact been more comprehensively applied than in America." It is an intelligent and provocative discussion of certain phenomena in national thinking that should have the greatest of interest for the American people. The fact that Mr. Waterhouse is himself a native of America, living in the state of Texas, qualifies him as an unbiased critic of our own civilization. Also, the fact that we are cultivating critics of Mr. Waterhouse's penetration and critical bluntness is a good omen that America is growing up. We do not need to take too seriously, however, his statement that "the average American, perfectly competent on the physical and lower mental plains, is incompetent on the higher planes."

The Doctor looks at Literature by Joseph Collins (Doran). This book has been so much discussed that it seems superfluous to say anything about it in the way of review. We simply do so in the hope that those who have not yet read it will give it a hearing. The author, in his combination of writer, physician, critic, and scholar, knows whereof he speaks. His is a strong voice of protest against the slimy literature that attempts to substitute a sordid animalism for the genuine ideals of beauty in art and life.

Sir John Dering, by Jeffery Farnol (Little, Brown). It is a relief to get away from the novel that preaches, the ultra-psychological, and the silly movie-plot variety, and read a book of just clean, pure romance. We shall never recover from an early attachment for books that have real out and out heroes and heroines, villains and their female counterparts, periwigs, castles, sword-play, "Egads", and lovely ladies.

The Temptress, by Vicente Blasco Ibarnez (Dutton). "There is no such woman," might be the reaction of some women who read this novel. Others, less inclined to defend the virtues of their own sex, might be candid enough to confess that Elena, the temptress, possesses, in an exaggerated degree, perhaps, a characteristic present, if not dominant, in most women.

Kangaroo, by D. H. Lawrence (Seltzer). Our own opinion of Lawrence's works is best expressed in the words of Dr. Collins, "He libels and he bears false witness against man. There are persons in the world such as Mr. Lawrence describes. So are there lepers and lunatics. We do not talk about them as if the whole world were made up of them; and we do not confidently look for world reformers or world crusaders among them."

A History of Music, by Paul Landormy, translated from the French by Frederick H. Martens. (Scribners, $2.50) American students of music will welcome this excellent translation of the brilliant work of Paul Landormy, perhaps the foremost musicologist of our day. It offers a ready reference text. It should, however, be of interest as well to people who are not students so much as devotees of music. Merely "listening in" is a lazy way of enjoying any of the arts. When we know something about the stages through which the art of music has come in order to reach its present perfection; when we appreciate the struggles and heartaches, the moments of ecstacy and despair, and the years of patient, persevering plodding through which those have passed who have added their share to the spiritual heritage that lies in the world of music, then we are truly on the road to musical understanding.

College Days, by Stephen Leacock (Dodd, Mead & Company, $1.25). To those on the inside looking out, perhaps a little more to those on the outside looking in, but most of all to the "old grad" who loves to live over again the jolly hours of his campus days, Leacock's "College Days" promises many a chuckle. In the midst of the fun there is a note of seriousness, of a quiet devotion for the "Alma Mater", wherever it may be.

Stories From Great Operas, by J. Walker McSpadden (Crowell). These stories are something more than synopses. They are complete in themselves. These are the stories that should be drilled into the minds of our children just as thoroughly as their arithmetic or spelling. They form the groundwork for a later and greater enjoyment of the operas themselves.

ENGRAVINGS

make fine reproductions

Most of the halftones in this edition of The Wisconsin Magazine were produced by the

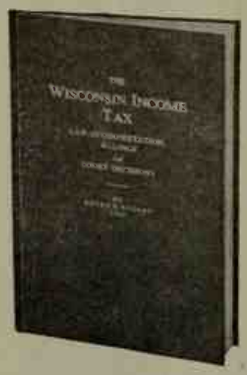
PRINT SHOP

Broom at Gorham Street

Madison

1924 WISCONSIN TAX SERVICE
The Only Service on Wisconsin Taxes

Authentic—Complete—Concise. The Law In Understandable and Usable form.



Consists of "Wisconsin Income Tax Law, Interpretation, Rulings and Court Decisions, giving law in full, the **1923 Amendments,** rulings and citations to court decisions, illustrations and discussions, Soldiers' Bonus, Educational and Teachers' Surtax Laws, Method of Computation of Surtaxes, Laws for Refund and Cancellation of Illegal Taxes, Digests of Wisconsin Supreme Court Decisions fully indexed.

Weekly supplements, giving current Income, Real and Personal Property, Inheritance and Bank Tax Rulings and Opinions. Handsome loose leaf binder in which to file supplements. Limited consultation privileges. A full year's complete tax service for $25.00.

A letter will bring it.

Payment due upon shipment of first installment.

HENRY B. NELSON, INC.
515 University Bldg.
MILWAUKEE

PHOTO CONTEST

The WISCONSIN MAGAZINE wants pictures of interest to Wisconsin people.

Send in a group of three or more pictures; negatives not required.

The five best groups will be awarded a year's subscription to the magazine. Winners who are already subscribers have the option of sending the magazine to a friend or of extending their own subscription one year.

Pictures cannot be returned.

Names of the five winners will be published in the magazine.

The Wisconsin Magazine
Madison

The Devil's Chimney

By Donald McGill

THE DEVIL'S CHIMNEY

WHEN we hear of unusual freak formations of rocks, we are prone to think they must be far away, perhaps in some State Park, or along the banks of some distant river; which leads me to write these few words, hoping thus to induce others who might be interested, to visit a delightful creation of Nature in Dane County, and easily accessible. It is to the Devil's Chimney and nearby rocks that I refer.

I had heard of the Devil's Chimney for years, and so had others with whom I have since spoken, but not many people in this part of the county had actually visited the place. One afternoon about the middle of July, a friend and I drove over, and spent an hour on and among the rocks, the memory of which will remain long with me, effectively impressed, too, by the fine pictures which I took that afternoon, as well as on a later occasion. One can readily locate the Chimney—about 3 miles south of Mount Vernon, on County Trunk Line D.

The Chimney is about 50 feet high, and rises from a slightly elevated woodland which conceals it from view from the road, especially when the foliage is heavy. It leans slightly towards the southwest. The column is about 20 feet in diameter, but about two-thirds of the distance up, bulges out noticeably, only to return to about the same smaller measurement at the top. The formation is sandstone.

Several people have wanted the thrill and experience of climbing to the top of the Chimney, but so far as I have been able to learn, only one man has done the trick, and that occurred many, many years ago. The younger generation in the neighborhood has heard the story from its elders, and a few words now will pass it on to you.

The man in question, late one afternoon, went to the Chimney and after several attempts, did actually climb to the top. When he had satisfied his desire, and attempted to descend, he found to his dismay and surprise, that he could not make it without assistance. As it was then dark, and the farmers had gone to their homes from a day's work in the nearby fields, he was forced to remain on the top of the Chimney over night. In the morning he succeeded in attracting the attention of a farmer who brought a long, heavy rope which was thrown to the man on the Chimney. The climber did a fine thing, however, before descending, and that was to erect a flagpole, which he directed be brought him, and from which flew Old Glory for years until torn to shreds by the elements.

The Vandals, Again!

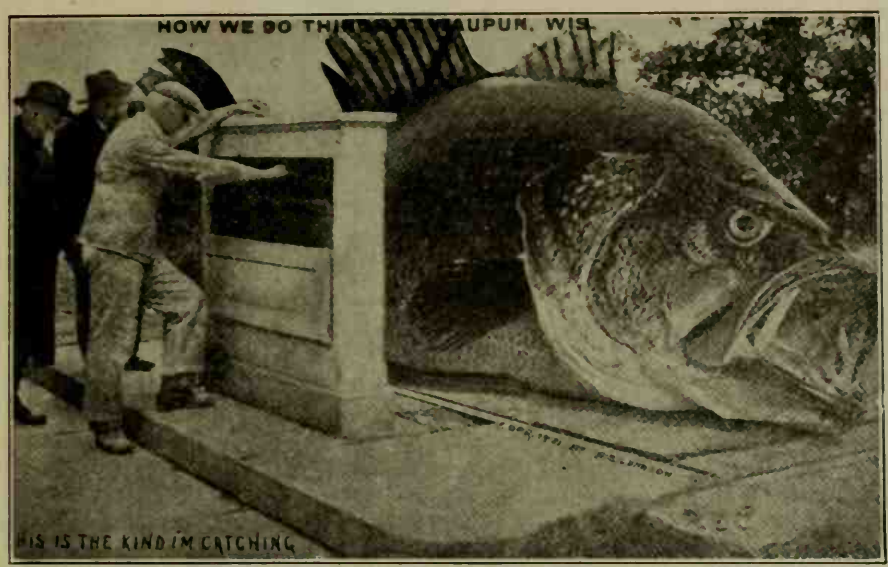
Certainly the Chimney has been visited by many folks, for as high as one can reach, or climb, will be found a veritable autograph album, names and initials and dates, all carved in the sandstone formation of the rock. The older names, however, are nearly obliterated.

Adjacent to the Chimney and yet separated from it by about 25 feet, is a very interesting formation on a different and larger scale, which is really easily climbed. It is a great pile of rocks, 50 feet or so high, perhaps that long, and not quite so wide. The upper surfaces are nearly level. There is a rude, natural stairway on the north side of the pile, and one can spend a considerable time on top, especially with a Kodak, if one is a "fan." Crevices are apparent in many places, but there is no immediate danger of the rocks becoming detached.

There is an interesting natural bridge on the extreme west end of the large pile. It has a span of about 8 feet, and a height of about 6 feet. With a bit of care, one can secure some fine pictures here too.

Made in Wisconsin

By Ellinore Beck



"WHERE were those beets grown in Dane County which were pictured on a postal card made by you? I have been all over this county and I never saw such beets on any of the farms."

This is an extract from a letter among hundreds making similar inquiries received by A. S. Johnson of Waupun. Johnson is a local photographer in the prison city, and has built up a business of national scope on fake postal cards. He makes the world laugh with his cards.

Although having the appearance of photographs of real objects, the cards are in reality "made" pictures. The task is accomplished by a process of piecing together until the desired result is obtained.

"I have been making freak postals for 13 years," says Mr. Johnson. "The first one was made as a joke on some friends. It was a huge fish on a wagon. My friends had been fishing and returned empty-handed, so I made a photo of them returning with this immense fish.

"That first card created such a demand that I soon made others, such as the fruit and vegetable styles, until now more than 200 designs are included in the line and sold throughout the United States and Canada."

By capitalizing on the humor in human nature, a half million freak postcards go out from Waupun each year, all of which are produced in Mr. Johnson's studio. The cards are made up as stock cards and when orders are received the name of the city to which the cards are to be shipped is printed on them. As a result the same style card may be sold in many towns, but frequently persons who buy the cards do not realize this or they may lack a sense of humor and take the card seriously.

Recently a Canadian wrote to Mr. Johnson asking if the huge cabbages shown in the photograph were really grown or just "fixed up" and the next mail brought another letter from the same man asking for a package of the cabbage seed.

"We often get letters of this sort from Englishmen," said Mr. Johnson, "but it is seldom we fool the people in the United States, as the American's sense of humor is too highly developed. But occasionally we get a letter from someone right here in Wisconsin.

According to Mr. Johnson, Waupun is the only city in the United States where this kind of freak postcard is made.

IN A RESTAURANT

Late breakfast
And a holiday mood of leisure;
An electric fan whirling in the ventilator;
White enamel tables,
Bright steaming percolators,
Polished glasses;
A strip of blue sky seen darkly through a screen.
Sunlight on a white house opposite.
A sudden splotch of yellow as a jitney flashes by.

—*Julia Grace Wales.*

LEARN TO SAY

Mi Lola

MI LOLA means "my sweetheart"

The Mi Lola Cigar is the smoker's "sweetheart." Say Mi Lola at the next cigar stand, then light, puff and smile.

MI LOLA CIGARS are ALWAYS MILD ALWAYS GOOD

Pictures of Wisconsin

State Parks—Pre-historic Rocks and Caves —Nature Scenes — Lake Views — Indian Trails, etc.—all in beautiful colors; 100 Cards, no two alike, $1 Postpaid. Wisconsin Folders in colors, 10c and 15c each.

BISHOP POST CARD CO., Publishers, Racine, Wis.

The City of Happiness is in the State of Mind

MISS NELLIE A. YAPP

General Accountant and Auditor
436 Wells Bldg. Phone Broadway 759
MILWAUKEE

CALIFORNIA 10-ACRE TRACTS.

Come in or write for booklet with views of Wisconsin and Minnesota former residents' happy homes at Reo Linda, seven miles from Sacramento, Calif., the capital of the state, where 250 families are getting rich on small investments, under instructions of experts we furnish free of charge. Co-operative buying and selling all commodities, and expert instructors in raising poultry and fruit of all kinds makes failure impossible and revenue monthly on the poultry and eggs beyond comparison; 365 balmy summer days and clear skies; best of schools and colleges with free transportation, electric and steam, and concrete roads make all happy and extremely prosperous. Write today.

SACRAMENTO SUBURBAN FRUIT LANDS CO.,
802 First Wisconsin National Bank Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

REMEMBER

Teckemeyer's

THE

CANDY

THAT

PLEASES

For Sale Everywhere

On-the-Minute-Service

Multigraphing—Mimeographing—Addressing—Filling-In—Letters Compiled—Folding and Mailing Typewritten Letters in any Quantity.

Write for estimates and information

MILWAUKEE LETTER SERVICE

Room 8 Mack Block, 69 Wis. St.

Phone Broadway 2871 MILWAUKEE

CLEAN SEED

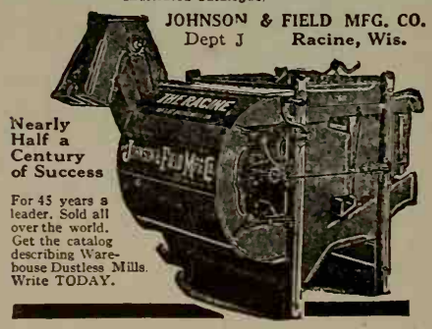
For Bigger Profits

Improve the quality and selling value of your wheat, oats, barley, etc., by cleaning and grading the seed before planting. It pays BIG. Removes all weed seed, chaff, shriveled grains. Use the reliable

RACINE FANNING MILL

Grades seed corn also. A perfect working machine, easy to run and will last a lifetime. If not sold by your dealer, write us for Special Proposition. Be sure to send for our Big Illustrated Catalogue.

JOHNSON & FIELD MFG. CO.
Dept J Racine, Wis.



Nearly Half a Century of Success

For 45 years a leader. Sold all over the world. Get the catalog describing Warehouse Dustless Mills. Write TODAY.

Wisconsin's Natural Bridges

By W. C. English

NATURAL BRIDGE NEAR LELAND

THE recent "Falling Leaf," meeting of "The Friends of Our Native Landscape" at the natural bridge near Leland, in Sauk County served to bring to the notice of many people this unique feature of the landscape. This is not the only natural bridge in the state. At Rockbridge, near Hub City, in Richland County is one that has been formed by a stream undercutting a sandstone cliff at this point. The stream was diverted from its course, and now flows through an arch 10 or 12 ft. high, with a span of 15 or 20 feet. While this is a true type of natural bridge, it lacks the symmetry and beauty of the one at Leland, which was formed in an entirely different way. This one is also in sandstone but it is not related to any stream. It apparently resulted from weathering and the removal of grains of sand by the wind, and of blocks of sandstone by gravity.

The Leland bridge has a very symmetrical arch, from 25 to 35 feet high, with a 35 foot span. The rock ledge that spans the opening is less than four feet in width.

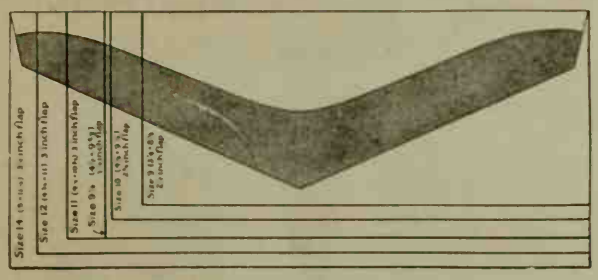
There are deposited in this sandstone on top of the arch, pieces of quartzite similar to that found near Baraboo. Below the arch there is a cave seven and one-half feet high and extending back under the bridge some 25 feet. It has been suggested that at some future period it is possible that this cave may extend through the bluff, and then there will be the curious formation of one bridge superimposed upon another.

It is to be hoped that some measure will be set on foot soon which will have for its object the taking over, for a county park, of this beautiful piece of nature's handiwork, so that it may be properly preserved and protected for the benefit of future generations.

THE NAKOMA 'BUS

The Nakoma 'bus has an attraction:
Perhaps that I don't know where it goes.
There may be fields of wild flowers at the end of its route,
Or a place to get afternoon tea.
Its name echoes Hiawatha:
"I am going, O Nakomis, on a long and distant journey."
Sometime shall I take the Nakoma bus?
Or shall I leave, like Yarrow, "unvisited"
Those marsh marigolds blowing in the wind,
That tea-shop with afternoon sunlight on its windows?

—*Julia Grace Wales.*



BANKERS DEEP FLAPPED **ENVELOPES**

The Western States Line of Deep Flapped Bankers Envelopes is worth looking into.
They Are Especially Good as Salesmen's Order Envelopes.
Have no Equal For Safety
Made in six sizes and ten different papers. Satisfaction guaranteed by the W trade-mark notched under the sealing flap. *Write today for samples.*
WESTERN STATES ENVELOPE CO.
261-265 S. Water St., Phone Hanover 1888 Milwaukee

Is This "Progressive" Wisconsin?

By Aubrey Williams
Executive Secretary, Wisconsin Conference of Social Work

THE State Board of Control, has recently asked for the appointment of four field agents for the Juvenile department—three at $100 per month, and one at $125, the one receiving $125 to be in charge of the work of the entire state.

This act of the Board of Control to replace with inspectors the splendid effort made by Dr. Maybelle Park prior to her leaving the department, is most unfortunate. Such action indicates clearly that the Board of Control has abandoned all intention of doing preventive and corrective work amongst children.

The original conception of the children's division was that there should be established in Wisconsin a comprehensive program of prevention of dependent, neglected, and crippled children. It was planned that such a division should aid Juvenile courts by putting at their disposal every type and manner of information that could in any way assist the courts in their work with all types of children.

Planned Welfare Boards

It was further planned that it should establish county welfare boards composed of high-type citizens interested in crippled and neglected children, and through these citizens secure local measures effecting inspection of homes of indentured children, and the visiting of these children, and assisting all agencies in giving to each child the greatest possible opportunity for spiritual, moral and physical wellbeing.

It was further planned that the children's department should bring to the assistance of these helpless children every institution in the state—the university, the various state departments, industry, the church, the schools, and all forces that in any way aid in the full rehabilitation of these unfortunates.

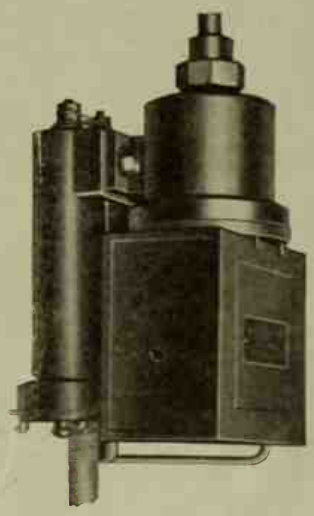
Now no one less than a person highly trained, with long experience in work with children, could even begin to accomplish this program. Such a leader the state possessed in the person of Dr. Park until the Board of Control forced her to resign. It is inconceivable that a person possessed of the capacities for carrying out the splendid original measures inherent in this children's division can be secured for the salaries offered. That the board does not expect to get such a person is evidenced by the re-

BERGSTROM PAPER COMPANY
Neenah, Wisconsin
Manufacturers of
VALKYRIE
Book *Papers*
Odin S. & S. C.
Thor M. F.

Electric Range Installations

are even more satisfactory when running hot water is available.

A Clark Automatic Instantaneous Electric Water Heater



will economically furnish this service.

Our range, when installed in connection with our water heater will fully modernize your kitchen.

We make a complete line of Electric Heating Apparatus.

Stoughton Mfg. Corp.
Stoughton, Wisconsin

The Racine College School
(Combined with De Koven Academy)

"THE SCHOOL FOR MANLY BOYS"
—*Chief Justice Winslow*

Thoroughness, personal attention, individual instruction, modified military training, home-like atmosphere.

Address the Warden of Racine College,
Racine, Wisconsin

THOUSANDS OF WILD DUCKS

flock into marshes everywhere that have been planted with Wild Rice, Wild Celery, and other plants that give them food and cover. Cost is less than heavy baiting and results are permanent. Planting material handled to assure best germination. Expert advice—literature on request.

TERRELL'S AQUATIC FARM Dept. W 502, Oshkosh, Wis.

PIERCE MATERNITY HOSPITAL
MADISON

Caring for Mother and Baby

Graduate Nurses—Special care on cases and feeding baby.

209 Wisconsin Avenue

1½ blks. from Capitol Square. Fairchild 219
$4.50 to $7.00 a day.

Reservations made in advance.

quirements stipulated in their announcement.

Requirements

Such requirements state that "the appointee must be a resident of the district to which he is assigned—preferably 30 to 50 years old. Appointee must be well educated, of sound judgment, of good physique, should have a pleasing personality, be tactful, of good address, and should be fluent in the use of the English language; successful teaching experience, and institutional experience, and general social and welfare work will be given special consideration."

To realize the difference in the type of work expected under the two plans all one has to do is to read again the requirements under the original plan as stipulated in the law. "The successful candidate for the position must possess the following qualifications: A college education or its equivalent; active experience in the field of social work, particularly in juvenile cases of neglected, dependent, and physically handicapped or mentally defective children, together with a thorough training in psychiatry; pleasing personality, positive and tactful ability as a public speaker; administrative and organizing ability, to administer the powers delegated by law to the board of control for the proper care, education, protection and reformation of the types listed above." Training in psychology and psychiatry was also listed in the requirements.

Only Creates Inspectors

Manifestly the present plan will do little more than create additional inspectors and field agents. This will amount to little more than an additional tax burden on the taxpayers.

This present plan of doing away with the children's department is nothing short of an outrage of moral decency. It is the last act of a systematic process of destruction of this magnificent idea which was established at such great cost in 1921. In putting into effect this plan the Board of Control clearly exceeds its authority while making a mere pretense of complying with the law, and defeats the whole act in its present intentions.

It destroys the standards set up at such great labor in behalf of neglected children. It puts in charge of the work untrained persons. It strikes at the very heart of the whole program of constructive work having to do with criminals, insane, and feeble-minded people. It constitutes another positive evidence that the Board of Control in Wisconsin having the leadership in the work with state wards, has not grasped the idea of the purpose for which it was originally created—the prevention of dependent, defective, and criminal individuals.

LOST TRAILS

Flossie Faith Shead

Gone is the glow of summer's gold—
Gone are the blossoms that kissed our feet,
And the smiling brook that held the sun
Grieves under Wiinter's frost and sleet.

Gone are the feathered folk we knew;
And the patient trees stand bare and brown;
A wild wind shrieks—'neath a leaden sky
O'er bustling city and quiet town.

Where white-throats gladdened the whisp'ring pines,
And we walked the hills in the sunset's glow—
All, all is still. Not a thing remains
But a wild hare scurrying through the snow.

And we who, like gypsies, free and glad,
Knew the sunshine's gold and the silver rain—
Must find content by the hearth till Spring
Recovers our lost, loved trails again.

LAKE KOSHKONONG

By Amanda Luse Cornwall

The sunset tips with roseate beams,
The rolling waves of Koshkonong;
And lights, with gold and crimson gleams.
Aspens and oaks the trees among
For fair October crowns the year
With ripened leaves and fruitage rare.
The frost grape hangs its clusters near,
And loosened nuts drop through the air.
Ah! Koshkonong, fair Koshkonong,
No lake renowned in classic song
Can lovelier be than Koshkonong.

A crystal river stops to rest
A moment on its seaward way;
Its wayward waves forget their quest,
Amid these sylvan scenes to stay.
The wild fowls haunt its reedy shores
And half forget their passage time;
Rare plants some soft enchantment lures
Beyond the limits of their clime.
Ah! Koshkonong, fair Koshkonong,
Like wave, and bird, and flower I long,
To stay forever, Koshkonong.

I stand, among the mystic mounds,
Where warriors of an ancient race
Sleep in their happy hunting grounds
Is it in fancy, that I trace,
Those dusky forms in measured file
Passing against the twilight sky?
Or do these fairy scenes beguile
The wraiths of those who buried lie?
Ah! Koshkonong, fair Koshkonong,
Thy subtle magic, still, and strong,
May well recall them, Koshkonong.

And yet there is a sweeter spell,
Wrought by a charm beyond thy power,
Often, with one who loves thee well
I've lingered till the twilight hour,
Have rowed unto the sunset sky
And rocking in the waning light,
Have watched the wild duck startled fly,
The golden eagle's shoreward flight.
Ah! Koshkonong, fair Koshkonong,
Thy happy murmur ends my song
And tells no secrets, Koshkonong!

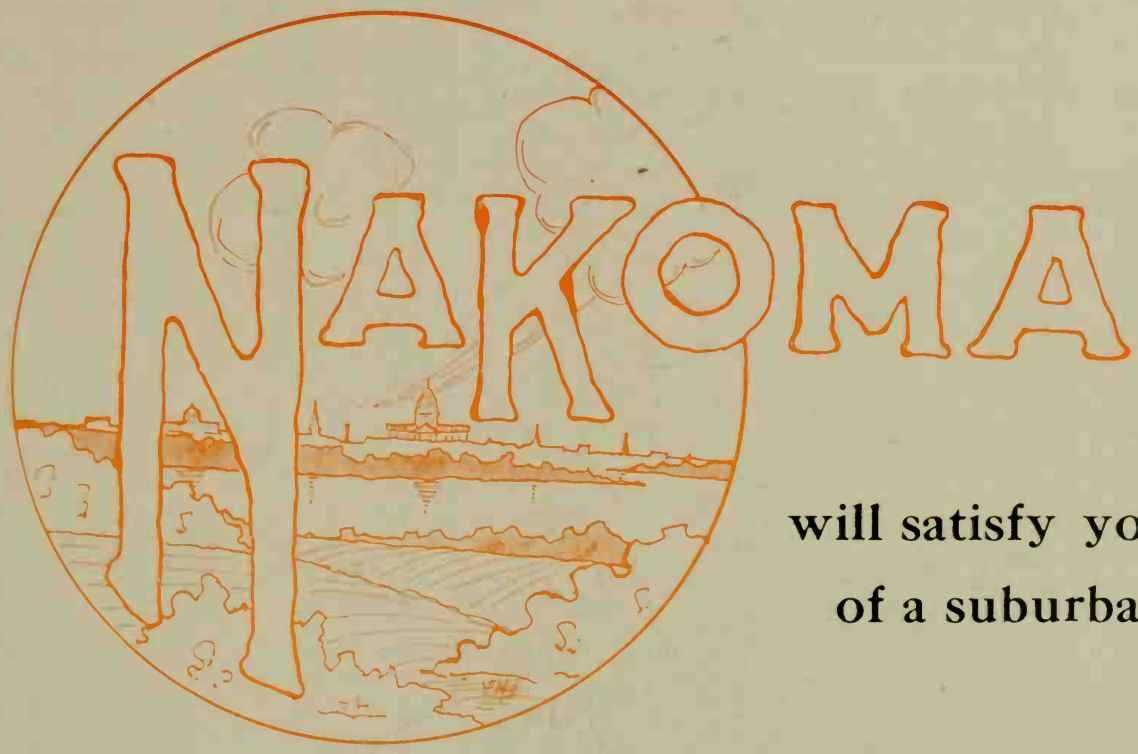
YOUR SONG

By O. H. Bauer

Your song brings back one mystic hour
That came to me on Varney's hill.
The good nurse sun had kindly power
While earth gave soul its primal thrill.

Where berries gleamed before my feet
I feasted well with childish glee;
And where I lay in green retreat
A breeze passed by reluctantly.

I cannot tell what I felt then:
A veil was rent in glorious light.
I've known the sunlight joy of men,
But, too, alas– I've wept at night.



will satisfy your dream of a suburban home

Because you will always have plenty of room.

Because there are restrictions in Nakoma which protect your property values and home enjoyment.

Because you will become a member of a real community group.

Because Nakoma includes the Nakoma Country Club.

Because Nakoma is an ideal place to raise a family.

Because the cost of living in Nakoma is within the reach of every progressive family.

Because when you have chosen Nakoma you will think of scores of reasons why you have realized your dreams.

Before you select your home site, let us take you and your family through Nakoma, the model suburb.

This will not obligate you in any way.

We are proud of Nakoma, and want everybody to know all about it.

Telephone us at Badger 175, or write.

PAUL E. STARK LAND COMPANY

1 E. Main Street, Madison

Interchangeable!

Established 1911

Demountable

"The World's Best Typewriter"

Obtainable In 11, 14, and 18 Inch Carriages

STANDARD KEY-BOARD

Typewriter

The Ideal Typewriter For Schools, Colleges, and All Offices
If your dealer cannot supply you, please write us direct.

Demountable Typewriter Company

Manufacturers

Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, U. S. A.